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THINGS TO MAKE

J. GERTRUDE HUTTON

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THINGS TO MAKE

A Book on Hand-work and Service for Girls and Boys

BY
J. GERTRUDE HUTTON

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INTRODUCTION

Recently much attention has been given to hand-work and other forms of activity in religious education, especially in the elementary grades. Its value has been proved as a means of expressing the pupil's interest or of deepening his impressions.

Many have realized, however, that hand-work and other forms of activity have their greatest value when expressed on the higher level of service. To do something for and with others involves a higher motive than to do something for oneself. The spontaneous impulse of girls and boys to help others offers an opportunity to develop in them an attitude of Christian sympathy and fellowship and to establish habits of giving which includes not only giving money but that larger gift, personal service. And so we have come to see that doing things and making things for others contains a natural and a powerful force in developing a missionary, and therefore a broadly Christian, character.

Probably no one is better qualified to write on such a subject than the author of this book. Miss Hutton was for many years manual training supervisor of the West Orange, New Jersey, schools. She is now Director of Education in the Hillside Presbyterian Church, Orange, New Jersey. Her public school experience and her practical knowledge of the problems of religious and particularly of missionary education give her a unique fitness for writing on this subject.

Much of this book has appeared serially in *Everyland,* the interdenominational magazine of world friendship for girls and boys. The articles have met with such a hearty approval from children, parents, and teachers, that they are now being issued in this permanent form, thereby making them available to a much larger group.

SUSAN MENDENHALL.

New York, May 7, 1916.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PUPIL'S ACTIVITY IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

A FOREWORD TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS

"We learn to do by doing"—"No impression without expression"—"What we do is far more important than what we think"—"What we do not only indicates, it determines, what we are"—so often have we heard these and similar expressions, that any repetition may seem trite. Yet practise lags so far behind precept that there is need to emphasize, again and again, the important place which a pupil's activities hold in his education. Parents and instructors not only need help and suggestions for providing and directing such activities for children; they need also to understand the principles which should guide them in such provision and direction. Only those who have such an understanding can intelligently and forcefully utilize this means of developing and helping children, and it is in the attempt to make clearer these principles that this chapter is written.

Most of the suggestions given in the following pages can be carried out successfully by boys and girls working alone, yet such work is often more pleasurable and more profitable when under adult leadership. Leaders need to know the possibilities of hand-work; they should use it for some better reason than "They all do it"—"Miss Blank has had great success with hand-work." Otherwise hand-work is a tool whose worth is only half understood and half utilized. Hand-work is a means to an end, not an end in itself.

To understand the present emphasis on hand-work and the value which it may have in missionary education, a look backward may be helpful.

Before the industrial revolution and the introduction of the factory system the family was practically a complete unit, and supplied all, or nearly all, its own needs. Its food, clothing, tools, and light were all produced by its members, who shared a common roof and a common life. Each member, even from early childhood, had a part in the production of the things needed and used by the family; this was not merely a nominal share, but even small children made a genuine contribution to the family welfare, a contribution without which the family would have been poorer. This contribution was therefore a vital thing to the member making it; it was truly social; it taught *life;* it taught *how to live* by living; it developed family loyalty and family sentiment. It was of great worth, not only to the family as a whole, but to each individual who shared the family life.

With the introduction of the factory system came, first, the removal of the father from the family life for many hours of each day; later, the older boys left home for hours daily. The introduction of the public school system took the children next. As the products of the factory began to come back into the home, home labor was lightened and greatly decreased. The girl who had once learned spinning, weaving, butter, cheese, and candle making, sewing, cooking, and a dozen other household arts, found all these things done much more cheaply and quickly outside the home. The boy who once had learned from his father carpentry, tool making, harness making, agriculture, and kindred things, found an ever-decreasing need for such knowledge. One great result of the changed manner of life was soon apparent in the boys and girls of unskilled hands. Such a loss of manual skill, with its attendant loss of mental development, was quite serious enough to demand a remedy. But a far more serious loss was found in the lack of family senti-

ment, of family loyalty, and of the social value that comes from working together at a common task for the common good.

The leaders of secular education were not slow to recognize the demand for something which should replace the training once obtained as a matter of course in the home, and courses in manual training soon found their place in the curricula of the public schools. In so far as this work has increased the manual skill of the pupils and ministered to fuller mental development, it has done well. When it has gone further and brought its pupils to see in what manner each may become a real producer, of real value to society, a sharer in the common labor of the world, for a common good, it has done better. It is this latter value which religious leaders must see and emphasize in directing the activities of children so as to produce the finest growth and development of character.

There is need on the part of some of us who act as leaders, for a revision of our own missionary thinking, before we undertake to guide others. We must realize that missionary work is not a matter of geographical situation; it is rather an attitude toward all living. It is quite possible for our pupils to contribute generously to work on the other side of the globe, in a Sunday morning session, and in school next day treat unkindly a schoolmate of foreign birth. It is of little avail to teach our boys to send money to the needy in China, when we do not teach them to treat with Christian courtesy the Chinese laundryman around the corner. It is of little value to teach our girls to send money for Belgian relief, or to a city mission, when they withdraw dainty skirts from contact with a "coming American" who may occupy the seat next to them in Sunday-school.

We talk much to-day about "the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God," but too often our missionary work has

been touched if not imbued with the spirit of patronage; too seldom with the free brotherly spirit of sharing all our good things, our advantages, and our fun, with those whose opportunities are not quite as full as ours. When our boys and girls come to look upon their possessions and advantages as privileges to be shared; when they see in the Fourth of July, Hallowe'en, Valentine's day, May-day, and all the other holidays, even to April Fool's day, an opportunity not only for their own fun and pleasure but a chance for sharing this fun with others, they have at least been started on the way to being real brothers to all the world. Nor does this imply that their own healthy fun is to be one whit diminished, or that they are to become priggish or sanctimonious. Far from it; what is sought is only a spirit of "fair play" which they will be as quick to realize as "the other fellow." The boy or girl, or the group of boys or girls who sends to a departing missionary, whom they may or may not know personally, a farewell gift, however simple, or the club that sends to some mission group a box of gifts made especially for them, will feel a sense of personal interest and possession in the recipients that can be secured in no other way.

The children who play the games of other countries, as, for example, some of the pretty Chinese games for girls, or the more strenuous ones for boys, enter to some degree into the spirit of the little foreign brothers and sisters, and are likely to look upon them with increased respect and brotherliness. The pupil who weaves an Indian basket is almost sure never again to think an Indian squaw lazy or lacking in cleverness. And if it be asked, "What place does care for the birds have in missionary training?" let it be remembered first, that the Savior said of the sparrows that "not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." When a distinguished

writer on the Jewish prophets interprets the passage in Isaiah 11:6-9 to mean that along with the redemption of human society shall come a redemption of all nature as well, and the brute creation shall enjoy greater peace and happiness, surely we may well feel that the boy or girl taught to care for the birds is taking one step in the right direction toward brotherly and kindly living.

If it should be objected that most of the gifts suggested have little intrinsic value, the writer would first reply by confessing to a very great sympathy for those boys and girls whose gifts must of necessity be, I shall not say poorer, but different, from those of young people whose purses may chance to be fuller. A conscious effort has been made to suggest some service which any boy or girl can render, even if money may not be plentiful. It is a very easy matter to make the gift more costly, if desired: it is not always so easy to supply the lack through thought and ingenuity, but success only adds to the pleasure of conquering.

There is yet another reason for suggesting simple gifts for children. Few children *earn* much money, and there is perhaps a danger that money *given* to a child will be lightly and carelessly given by him, without his appreciation of its worth, and without real training in sharing and service. But if a child really puts himself into his gift by discovering a need to be met, by planning how to meet it, by overcoming difficulties in the way, he not only conquers the obstacles and himself, but he gives *himself* with his gift, and is ever thereafter bound in a new way to the recipient.

In the third place, the poorest way of measuring the value of a gift is by its monetary worth. Nor is the actual money cost to the giver always a fair test. A better one is the value or use of the gift to the recipient. Many, in fact practically

all of the gifts suggested here have been given the test of use by the author. Some, like the desk pad, portfolio, copper articles, and others, have been used for months and even years, and found practical and useful. Others have been approved by workers on the field. As an illustration the story should be told of a club of very little girls who put together the pennies they had saved from their candy money; they bought cheesecloth, and, cutting it into 12-inch squares, hemmed them neatly. These with their choicest picture post-cards, covered on one side with white paper, they mailed to the church missionary in China. This busy man found time to write the club president a letter, and a proud little lady she was as she displayed to every one "the letter that came all the way from China!" This became one of the club treasures, and read, in part, as follows:

"Whoever planned that package had a good knowledge of what is needed in China. You can hardly imagine how much easier our approach to children is if we have a pretty card to offer them. And as for those handkerchiefs, they will be carried up some Chinese sleeve till they change color, and smell, and aspect, but they will still be cherished." When, later, that missionary came home on furlough and journeyed a quarter of the way across the continent to visit this church, he had no need to establish a bond between himself and the children; he could only knit it more firmly.

Illustrations might be multiplied, if need were, but enough has been given to show how the plans may be used and what results to expect. The book is in no way theoretical, but is the outgrowth of experience.

It has been found that, while simple things like the Santa Claus (page 103) and others, can easily be made by the small children for whom they were originally planned, if a little help

is given, even boys and girls much older like to make them once in a while. So many things are included in the daily program of our growing boys and girls to-day, that it sometimes gives them a feeling of pleasure and relief to find some simple gift which can be not only completed but perfectly done in a short time, perhaps an hour. Fourteen-year-old boys have made with much zest the Santa to send to little crippled children in a hospital, and the same is true of the Easter cards and the patriotic badges.

The plans outlined in the following pages are not supposed to exhaust the possibilities of hand-work by any means. Rather they are suggestive; they have been found practical in ordinary schools and clubs, and can be modified in endless ways to meet local conditions. In undertaking such work a leader unused to hand-work need not be deterred because it seems difficult. With the possible exception of the larger bird-houses, there is nothing given that any boy or girl of twelve or fourteen could not carry to a successful completion. It is suggested that each leader work out the article before trying to have it made in a club or class session, as this makes one acquainted with all the difficulties, and gives a feeling of surety that is worth while.

In directing such work the wise leader will put little emphasis on the differences and much on the likenesses between the pupils of her own band and those for whom the work is done; she will say little about *giving* and much about *sharing;* she will find endless occasions in Sunday-school, day-school, social, and home life, for leading her pupils to "divide" with those who have less than they have. She will make the brotherly spirit as natural as the common air, and missionary effort a part of every-day life, a normal response to the need of others. So shall come the dawning of that day for which the restless millions wait.

MONTH BY MONTH

A Year's Cycle of Hand-work and Service

While most of the gifts suggested in this book can be made and used at any time during the year, the leader of a group who so desires may arrange a monthly program of work that will have a seasonal interest, and find for each month something to do or make that will be appropriate to that month. Two suggested programs for a year are here given. The first is for young children, perhaps nine years old and younger; the second one for older girls and boys.

I. For Younger Girls and Boys

January—Picture Postals and Old Calendars. Select the number game, the quotations, and the reward cards.

February—The Valentines Bobby and Betty Made; February Fun. Select the badges and hatchets.

March—Easter Cards.

April—The Garden Bobby and Betty Made.

May—May Baskets. Select the simpler ones.

June—Bobby Sends Betty a Farmyard.

July and August—Gifts from the Country.

September—Paper Dolls.

October—Bobby and Betty Make a Noah's Ark.

November—The Candy Dandy.

December—Bobby's and Betty's Santa Claus.

II. For Older Girls and Boys

January—A Perpetual Calendar.

February—February Fun. Select the composition covers and the more difficult things not suggested for the younger pupils.

March—Easter Cards.

April—The Gordon Twins' April First.

May—May Baskets.

June—How the Finding Out Club Helped.
July—Fun and Firecrackers.
August—A Summer Christmas-Tree Party. The Summer Christmas Tree.
September—Good-by Gifts to Missionaries.
October—Hallowe'en Fun.
November and December—Christmas Plans. More Christmas Plans.

EGG-SHELL FARMS

The curtains swayed softly in the spring breeze; the sweet smell of apple blossoms and growing green things came in at the open window; a flash of brilliant blue in the cherry-tree told where the first bluebird was resting himself for a moment; the children's voices floated up from the garden, where they were busy with hoe and trowel and packets of seeds.

Rob turned his white face a little deeper into the pillow, and when he was sure the nurse had left the room, he allowed two big tears to roll down his cheeks. It *was* hard to lie in bed when everything outdoor called so loudly to him. And he had planned such a wonderful garden this time! But Nellie's tiny kitten had climbed so far up the big tree only the day before that it had been afraid to come back. Rob had gone to the rescue, and an unsound limb of the tree had broken beneath his weight, and he had fallen crashing to the ground.

"A bad fall," said the doctor. "He'll have to pass a good many days in bed."

Rob was not sorry he had done his best to save the kitten, but he could not help regretting the garden and all the things he had promised himself to find out about growing plants.

Down in the garden the other children hushed their voices as they saw the white-capped nurse pass the window, and remembered why she was there. Nellie, watching the window with wistful face, said what was in all their minds:

"I wish we could do something to help Rob. I wish we could take the garden to him.

John, the gardener, looked up quickly.

"I've a splendid idea," he exclaimed. "Fred, you get your coping saw and some empty cigar boxes. Nellie, will you get a hammer and some small nails? And Ruth, please get a compass, and ask the cook to give you all the egg-shells she has; she

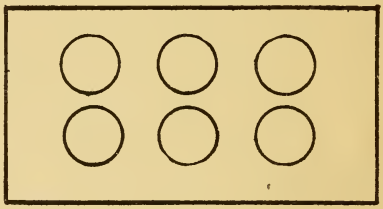
is making cake and custard to-day and there ought to be a jolly lot of them. All of you bring the things back here, and I'll tell you the greatest plan that ever was," and they hurried off.

In ten minutes all the children were back with the things John had asked them to get, and were eagerly listening while he explained his idea.

"We will make an egg-shell farm; yes, two or three of them, for Rob, and he can watch things grow while he has to stay in bed."

"What do you mean by an egg-shell farm?" asked Fred, greatly puzzled.

"I'll show you," laughed John. "Where is your cigar box? Take off the cover carefully, so you do not break it, and with Alice's compass, mark off six circles, just a little smaller than your egg-shells, like this:



"Now with your coping saw, cut out the circles, but be very careful not to break the wood. You girls may break the edges of the shells as evenly as you can, and fill them with fine rich earth."

When Fred had finished cutting out the circles from his cigar-box cover, John showed him how to smooth them nicely with a sharp knife, and then nail the cover securely to the box. With a little burnt umber mixed with turpentine, he stained the whole a dark brown and gave it all a thin coat of varnish.

By this time the girls had filled with fine rich earth the shells now ready to be placed in the holders the boys had made. The finished "farm" looked so well and had been so

easy to make that the children decided to make three others at once, "so that Rob may have plenty."

"Shall we plant the seeds, or leave it for him to do?" asked Nellie.

John thought a moment.

"Let's plant one; then it will be a surprise, and he will have a good many guesses as to what the plants will be. For the others, we will send the seeds for him to put in himself."

The children agreed, and then came the discussion as to what should go into the farm they planted.

"Grass seed in one shell; it makes such a pretty show of green," said Nellie.

"And beans in another; they look so queer, when they come up with the little caps on their heads."

"Yes, and so do tomato-plants, with the first little leaves all folded up in the seed."

"And the long shoot of the corn will be pretty in another when it comes up."

"And some clover-seed in the next, because the little leaves are so pretty in shape."

"And this last one is so deep, I think a crocus bulb will grow and bloom in it."

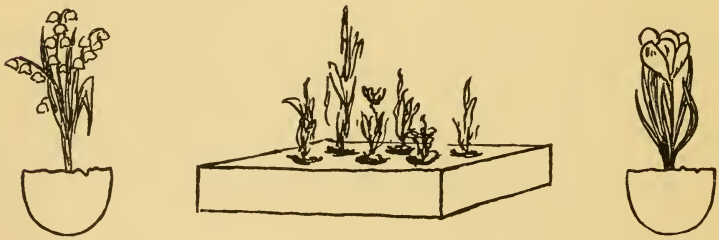
The next morning, when Rob turned to look at the window, there stood his "farms." The nurse explained what they were, and you can guess how eagerly he watched for the first little green shoot to show. Can you imagine how glad he was when he saw the little plants pushing their way out of the earth? The doctor grew more smiling from day to day, and said the "farms" had done the boy more good than all his medicine. Certainly they helped to pass many an otherwise long hour. There came a day at last when Rob was able to be dressed and go down to the gardens the others had tended all summer in the outdoors.

"Yes, they are fine," he said, "but I liked mine, too. What shall I do with them, mother, when we go away next week?"

"What would you like to do with them, son?" asked mother, looking into the earnest eyes of her boy. Rob hesitated a minute.

"If the others do not care about my giving them away, I would like to take one to lame Jimmy, the cobbler's little boy; and another to the little old lady who keeps the paper store—she has so little that is pretty to look at; and I am sure that kind Italian at the street crossing would like another to make his tiny shelter brighter. And then mayn't I send the other to the washerwoman's little girl? She is all alone when her mother's away."

Did these people of whom Rob thought, care for his egg-shell farms? Just try it yourself, and send one to any tired or sick person, or to one who is shut in from the outdoor life, or who cannot find any pretty or pleasant thing to look at, and you will soon know for yourself!



PICTURE POSTALS AND OLD CALENDARS

It was the first Saturday of the new year, and Madge was sorting a great pile of old picture postals.

"I do hate to throw these cards away," she said. "They are so pretty."

"I don't care about old postals," said Beth, "but I always hate to throw away calendars," and she laid on the table a number which had just been replaced by the new ones.

"Old calendars and old postals!" scoffed Ben, from the window. "What earthly good are they?"

"What good?" cried Aunt Alice, coming in just in time to answer. "Why, just the thing! They are the work-boxes for my sewing class girls, the reward cards for my Sunday-school class, the sunshine for my shut-in old ladies, and the number work for our primary children. Neither our day-school nor our Sunday-school back in the mountains in Kentucky has all the splendid things to work with that your school here in the city has."

"Oh, auntie, do tell us. We would love to help you if we knew how to begin," begged the young people.

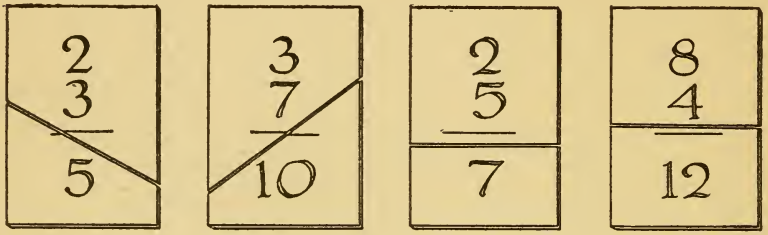
"I knew you would, my dears," replied Aunt Alice. "We will first sort the post-cards, only those that are fresh and have a nice picture will we wish to send away. And little Alice may begin by covering the very prettiest of them with white paper, on the written side; then paste on one of these Bible verses from this last year's calendar. I will think of my little namesake every time I give one away," and Aunt Alice emphasized her words with a warm hug.

"But the number work, Aunt Alice?" asked Ben, as little Alice settled happily to her work.

"That will be your task, my boy. Mount these large numerals on cards, leaving spaces between, to add the signs; you

can make all the multiplication tables, if you like; they will be splendid for drill work.

"Oh, there is a fine game with numbers, too," cried Ben, as his interest kindled. "I saw the children playing with it in Miss Allen's room the other day. See, it's like this," and he swiftly cut a number of cards to fit a small pasteboard box he had. Then he mounted a number of numerals like this:



"You see," he explained, "the cards all just fit in this box, but as each is cut differently, only the correct answer will drop into place, and you can't help learning while you play it."

"Great!" agreed Aunt Alice. "The boys and girls will love it."

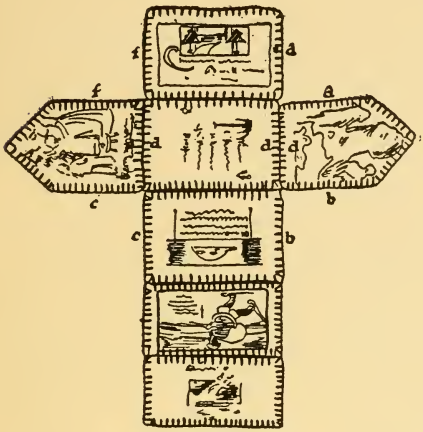
"I'll make you a lot of them," promised Ben.

"Why couldn't these quotations from the great authors be mounted on cards to make a game?" asked Beth. "Each player to draw a card, read the quotation, and the one who first names the author to claim the card?"

"Like Authors," said Ben.

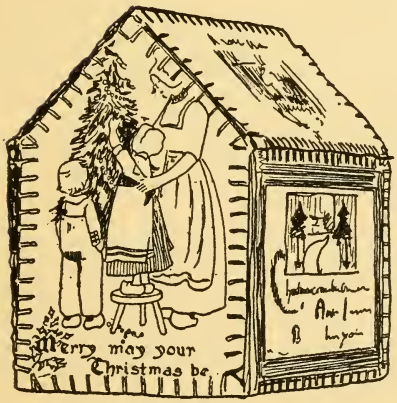
"Splendid!" said Aunt Alice. "So few of our pupils have any books in their homes, and this will help them."

"But the work-boxes, Aunt Alice?" reminded Madge. "How are you going to turn these into work-boxes?"



"Oh, you will think that is the best of all," declared Aunt Alice. "Select fourteen of your cards all of one kind; that is, all birthday, or Christmas, or New-year's cards. It will be prettier, too, if they are much alike in color."

As she talked, she threaded a fine darning-needle with a piece of red mercerized cotton.



"Now hold these two cards with the address sides together, and with this thread buttonhole all around them, taking your stitches a quarter of an inch apart and a quarter of an inch deep," she directed. "You need three pairs like that."

"And what next?" asked Madge when this was done.

"We will use these two pairs, now, with the children's pictures," said Aunt Alice as she selected four cards that were meant to stand on the short end.

"First, measure up from the bottom on each side a distance equal to the width of your cards, and mark. From each

mark to the middle of the top draw a straight line, and cut off on that line. You see it does not hurt the picture, but only makes it pointed. Now buttonhole around in the same way."

This done, Aunt Alice directed Madge to fasten the first three pairs together on the long edges, by a few stitches through the buttonholing, and then the short ends of the pointed cards were fastened to the short ends of the middle cards in the same way. (See Fig. I, d, d, and d, d.)

"Oh, it's going to be a house, a cunning little house," exclaimed Madge, as she turned the "gables" into position.

"Yes," said Aunt Alice, smiling. "The corners," (a, a; b, b; c, c; f, f) "should be caught together, but as they will pack so much easier flat, you may leave a long thread to each corner, and my class will sew them up."

"Now the 'roof'!" cried Madge.

"For that, you will need to cut your cards narrow. Each half of the cover should be just a little wider than the slant of your gable. Cut off the edge of the card which does not hurt the picture. Buttonhole them, fasten them together, and then fasten one edge to the top of one of your side cards, and your work is done."

"Aren't they the dearest things?" exclaimed Madge. "I'll never throw old postals away again."

"Nor calendars, either!" cried Beth.

"Let's have a party of all our friends, and ask them to bring their post-cards and last year calendars," said Ben.

"We'll do it!" agreed the girls.

And they did!

Fun?

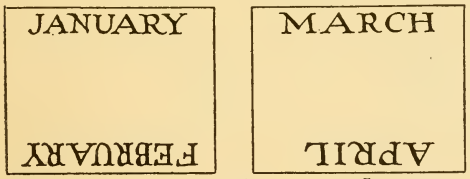
Try it and see.

A PERPETUAL CALENDAR

A perpetual calendar is a very convenient thing to have on one's desk, and a fine gift to make for father, mother, or a friend. I am sure many a missionary, too, would like one, especially those who are so far away that the new calendars do not reach them easily and promptly.

Any boy or girl can make these calendars with little trouble by following directions.

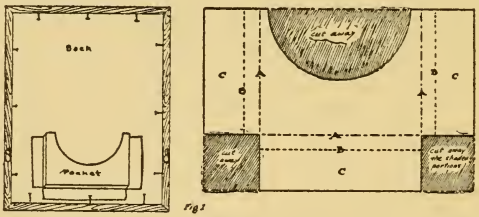
First, decide on the size of month card you are going to use. For illustration, let us say that you are going to use the calendar in the 1916 *Everyland.* The month space is 3⅛ x 2¼ inches. Select the calendar for seven months, taking one month whose 1st is Sunday, one whose 1st is Monday, one whose 1st is Tuesday, and so on, till you have a card with each of the days of the week as the first of the month. Cut off the name of the month, and on three plain white papers, each 2½ x 3½ inches, paste the names of the months, putting half of them on one side, and half on the other; half right side up, and half bottom side up; like the illustration.



One card and Its reverse

Next, secure a small oblong picture-frame; the size should be 5 x 6½, it may be a little larger. You may make the frame from molding which you can buy at any picture store, or you may buy it already made for a few cents. Remove the back, and cover the cardboard that is next to the glass with whatever material you like best. Mine is a lovely blue, narrow-striped, moire wall-paper. If you like silk or some other fabric, you may use that. Near the bottom of this

cardboard, cut a space 2½ x 3 inches; this should be done before the covering is pasted in place, so that you can bring the edges of the covering through the opening and paste on the back, to give a neat finish. For the upper part of the card, select your favorite picture and paste in place. You can buy for a cent a reproduction of the finest paintings, or you may wish to use a photograph, a part of a postal, a snapshot, or even a magazine print. Over the opening on the back of the card paste a small paper pocket (see Fig. 1); this is to contain the month cards, and back of these go the month names. The month cards, being shorter, allow the month name to show above them. Fasten the card in place in the frame by small brads; the month and month-name cards, of course, are left loose in the pocket, to permit ready changing.



Use two pieces of heavy cardboard for the back which joined together will exactly cover the back of the frame. Hinge it at the top, as in Figure 2, by pasting a strip of cloth over the seam, and cover both pieces neatly with paper or thin cloth. Fasten this with small brads to the frame at the top, c, c; and make two little holders out of a bit of tin cut from a biscuit box by pattern B; these are to be fastened to the frame at the

back near the bottom, by a single small brad or tack, after you have bent the holders over at the dotted line. (See Fig. 2.)

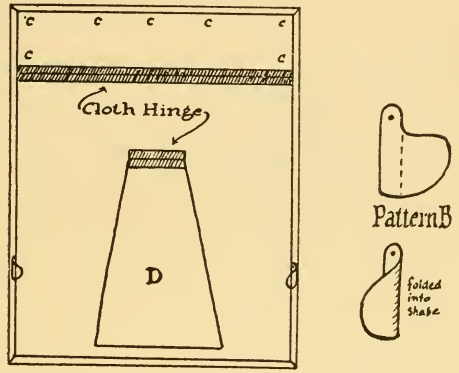
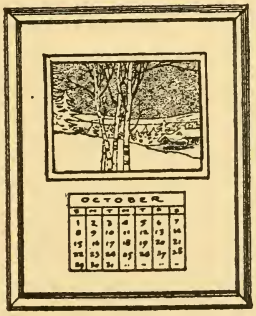


Figure 2.

They will swing around over the edge of the hinged cardboard back, and hold it in place after the date cards are put in. A support made of cardboard, like D, may be fastened to the back to keep the calendar upright on the desk.



FEBRUARY FUN

"I think February is just the best month in the year," cried Nellie, as she cut a red heart to put on her valentine. "I love valentines."

"Oh, valentines are good enough," said John, a little loftily, "but best of all are the flags and the shields and the hatchets and the things that go with Washington and Lincoln."

"I like those, too," said Betty. "I'd like to make dozens of valentines; they are so pretty and so easy."

"Why, children," exclaimed Aunt Helen, "I could use 'dozens' in teaching my little Hungarian and Polish and Italian pupils. They are so eager to be 'real Americans,' and they would love a pretty badge like this," and she held up a gay little cockade of red, white, and blue paper. (See Fig. A.)

"Oh, these are as easy as anything to make," cried Nellie. "See, you just cut a circle of each color and then slit them from the edge to the center, and slip them one over the other, so that a third of each shows, and then paste the little hanging strips to the bottom." (See Pattern Aa.)

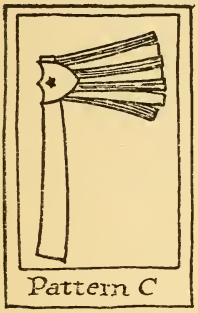
"We will soon have all of those you wish, Aunt Helen," said John, falling to work. "And wouldn't you like some hatchets, too?"

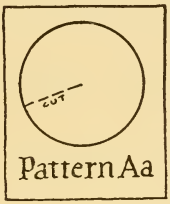
"Yes, indeed I would," replied Aunt Helen. "I can give one to each member of my class when I tell the story of Washington's life."

"John cuts hatchets so easily," sighed Nellie as she watched him cutting one after another from red, white, or blue paper. (See Pattern B.) "I can't do it so well, but I know how to make a cunning hatchet from the little pieces that are left over," she added, brightening, and in a minute she pasted on a card some red and white strips for the blade, a blue shield

for the head, and gave it a red handle. (See Pattern C.)

"Oh, that is fine!" exclaimed Aunt Helen. "But what is this?" she asked, taking up a small white shield which bore a picture of Washington.


Pattern C



Pattern Aa

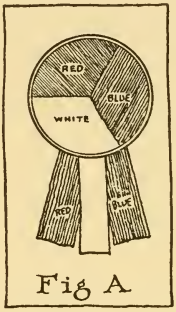
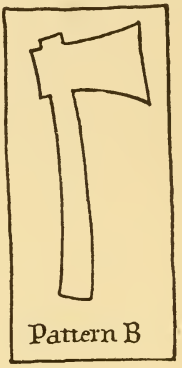


Fig A


Pattern B

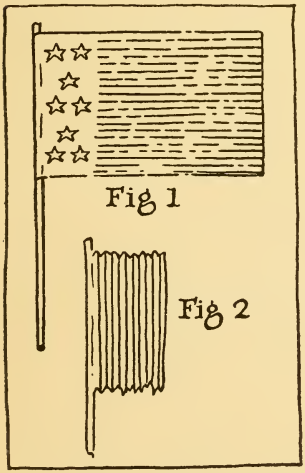
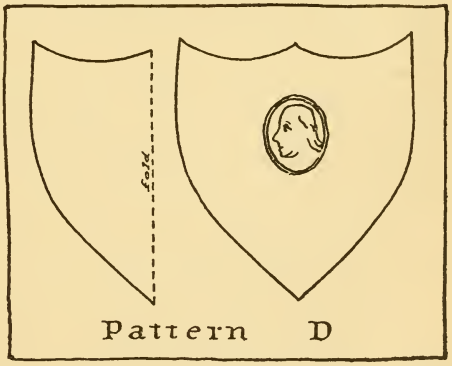


Fig 1

Fig 2



Pattern D

"The picture I cut from a canceled postage-stamp," said John. "You see the ink had not touched the face at all. I made the pattern for the shield part by doubling a piece of paper and trying till I got a good shape; then I unfolded it and traced around it." (See Pattern D.)

"And they are to be worn as little badges, I see," said Aunt Helen. "I shall keep them as rewards for neatness. The white shield is so clean and pure, the children will surely try to have clean hands and clothes so they will not soil it."

"Shall we make some covers for compositions?" asked John. "The flag makes such a nice cover for the ones on Washington and Lincoln. If we make each stripe a half inch wide, the thirteen stripes give a cover of just about the right width for composition paper.

"Splendid," agreed Aunt Helen. "But can you put the stars in the blue field?"

"Not all the 48," laughed John. "They would be too small and would be crowded. But I will draw as many as will look well in my space."

"I am going to use these Dennison gummed silver stars," said Nellie. "They are much easier, and look very pretty."

"How proud my boys and girls will be when they stand up before the school to read their stories of Washington," said Aunt Helen.

"Do the mothers come to hear the stories read, and do they bring their little babies with them?" queried John.

"Oh, yes," answered Aunt Helen. "And sometimes the babies get very tired, too, before our exercises are over."

"I know what the babies must have," cried Nellie. "It will be just the thing for them."

"What is that?" asked Aunt Helen.

"I call them 'flutterers'," said Nellie. "See, I fold three strips of red, white, and blue paper around a stick, like this. (See Fig. 1.) A little paste holds it firmly; then I fold it back and forth in narrow, close folds to crease it well. (Fig. 2.) Last of all, I cut it in fine ribbons (dotted lines in Fig. 1), and put silver stars on the field. I have seen babies playing

with them, and the more they wave them the prettier they look."

"Where did you get such a pretty idea?" asked Aunt Helen.

"Oh," returned Nellie, "Miss Allen made them of pink and white paper last year, and every baby on the Cradle Roll had one for the Sunday-school parade. They did love them so that I thought your little tots would like them too, and these fit a patriotic 'color scheme' better than pink and white."

"Come and see the things John and Nellie have been making to give my schoolroom a festive and patriotic air," cried Aunt Helen to Ned Grant and Alex Hart, who were ushered in at this moment. The boys examined the work which John and Nellie offered for their inspection with no small interest.

"Wish we could have the fun of helping some school like this," said Alex, who was Ned's guest, and was soon to return to his distant home. "But I don't know where we could use it. There isn't a little foreigner in our town."

"But you could send them somewhere," said Nellie.

"Aunt Helen," said John, "didn't Miss Wood say, when she was here last winter, that some of her pupils live so far back among the hills that they had never seen an American flag until they came to her school?"

"Had never seen an American flag!" exclaimed Ned and Alex together.

"It is true," said Aunt Helen. "Can't you see how she would love to get a boxful of these pretty things?"

"She shall have that box," declared Alex. "What is her address?"

"I do not have it here," replied Aunt Helen, "but if you want to share the fun of sending a package to a mountain school, ask your minister or write to *Everyland* (see address in back of this book) for the address of a school where they will be glad to use your gifts."

THE VALENTINES BOBBY AND BETTY MADE

"Mother," said Bobby, "we went with Aunt May to take some oranges to her paper boy in the hospital; and the nurse took us to the children's room.

"And, oh, mother, what *do* you think they were playing with?" cried Bobby.

"I cannot guess," said mother.

"Our Santas that we made at Christmas," said Bobby.

"They did love them so much, mother," said Bobby. "I wish we could make something else just as nice."

"Shall I show you how to make some valentines?" asked mother.

Betty ran for scissors, and Bobby brought the paste, and mother took out sheets of paper and a box of red hearts.

First, she told Bobby and Betty to cut Pattern C from gray paper.

"Cut it on the dotted lines too," she said. "Now cut Pattern D from red paper, and paste it on the back of C, so that it shows above it at the top. Then you may write your greeting on it."

So Bobby and Betty carefully printed between the two cuts, "I send my love to you," and mother gave them the red hearts.

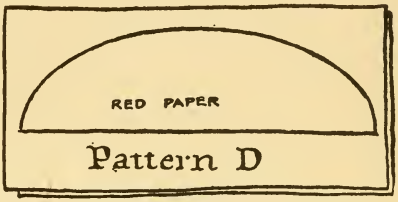
"Now," she said, "we will cut a long strip of paper, just wide enough to go through the slits in the box. Cut a slit in each end of the strip, put this pretty red ribbon through, and fasten the ends by pasting a big red heart on them. Now put the strip over your greeting, through the cuts, and you can pull it up or down, as you wish." (See illustration.)

"Let's make another," coaxed Bobby. "It's such fun."

So mother gave them Pattern A and told them to cut it from red paper, and fold on the dotted lines.

"It makes a little heart," cried Bobby, folding it.

"Yes," said mother. "Would you like to paste some of the lace paper from your candy box in the center, and put on it a tiny Cupid? Then you can cut a wee white arrow, paste it to one side and put it through a slit in the other side."



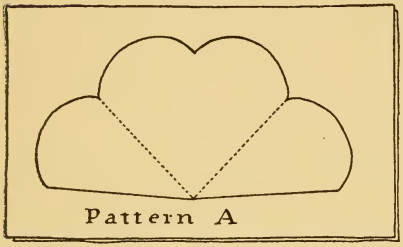
"How cunning," cried Betty. "Do we paste it on a card?"

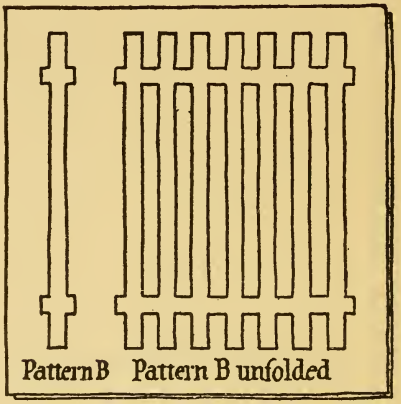
"Yes, on these white cards. Suppose you shut it behind a gate," suggested mother, and she showed them how to fold a paper and cut Pattern B.

"Paste one side of the gate to the card," said Mother, "and fasten the other side with two hearts, one partly over the

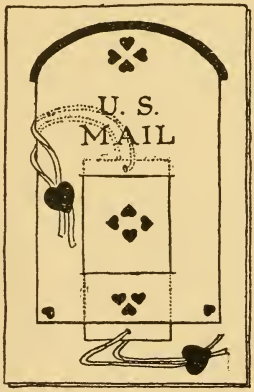
other. Then you may print:

'Open the gate as high as the sky
To let my valentine pass by.' "





"Aren't they the prettiest valentines you ever saw, mother? And how the children will love them!"



EASTER CARDS

"Dear, dear!" cried Auntie, coming into the cosy sitting-room, with sparkling eyes and cheeks like pink roses, "what gloomy little faces! What has happened to bring such clouds?"

She stooped to kiss Frank and Alice as she spoke.

"Oh, Auntie!" they both began at once, "we went down to Ben's"—

—"and he has dozens of little new chickens"—

—"and six white rabbits"—

—"and the hospital children would just love them"—

—"but mother says we can't send them"—

—" 'cause they'd just die"—

And then it really looked for a moment as if some of the outdoor rain had found its way inside the house. But Auntie spoke quickly.

"Just a minute, just a minute, dears!" she begged. "Don't both talk at once. Chickens and rabbits for your Easter greetings to the hospital children?" Then very thoughtfully, she said again, "Chickens and rabbits." Her eyes began to dance, and she said once more:

"Chickens and rabbits. Did you know there are dozens of them in my room, just waiting to be let out?"

"Oh, Auntie, Auntie!" cried Alice, dancing up and down, "show them to us; please do! Will you?"

"Will I?" teased Auntie. "I wonder if I will?"

Both children knew what *that* meant, and ran ahead to open the door and to help with Auntie's coat and hat. They sat very still while she hung her wraps in the closet. Alice's eyes were searching every corner for a furry bunny, and her

sharp ears were listening for a shrill "peep, peep." But Frank had seen that funny look in his aunt's eyes before, and he was pretty sure that there was a joke behind her words. Auntie dearly loved to joke, but her jokes always meant such good times that he was willing to wait for her to explain. Besides, he was a whole year older than Alice, and it would never do for him to show how eager he felt. When Auntie began to unfold the small sewing table at which they had made many a fascinating thing before, he sprang quickly to help her, and to get the low, comfortable chairs they always used when they worked or played in Auntie's room.

In another moment Auntie had brought out a box of colored crayons, paste, scissors, and paper. Both children watched every movement she made. She sat down between them, and taking up a sheet of white paper and a pair of scissors, she looked first at Frank then at Alice. Both children held their breath. Then Auntie said in a funny high voice,

"Peep, peep! Please let me out."

"Indeed, I will be glad to do so," said Auntie in her own voice, and then with her scissors she cut from the paper, a funny, fat little chicken, just like this:

She placed a black dot for an eye, a touch of orange on the bill and legs, and a soft yellow all over the body, and when she turned the little flap A to make it stand, there was a chicken as large as life, and almost as real.

"Oh, oh, the darling thing!" cried Alice. "Let me make one, please let me!"

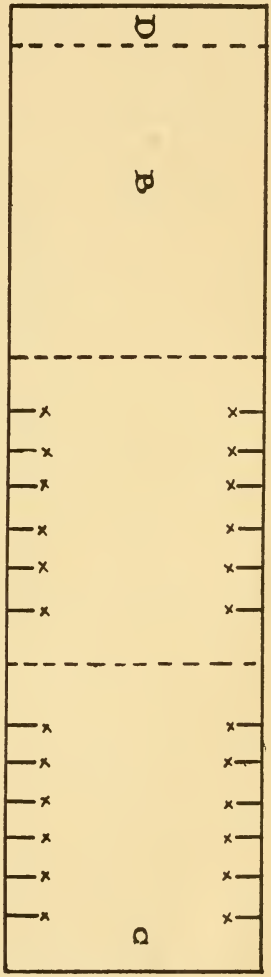
Auntie laughed and passed the chicken and a fresh sheet of paper to her little niece. Frank did not say a word, but his

eyes were as bright as Auntie's as he took a sheet, too, and began to cut. As he was so much older, he did not need to trace, but could cut directly from the paper almost as well as Auntie herself. Soon there was a whole row of chickens marching down both sides of the table. Some were big and some were little; some were black and some were yellow, and some were both black and yellow.

"It seems to me," said Auntie, after a little, "that you ought to put those chickens in coops."

"How could we?" demanded Alice.

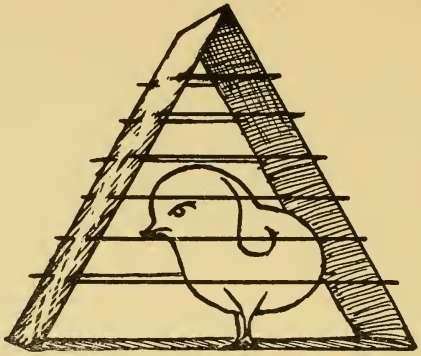
"Just this way," answered Auntie promptly, and she cut a strip of paper like this:



Then she folded it at the dotted lines, cut little slits at x, x, and putting a tiny bit of paste on the under side of the flap on which a chicken stood, she fastened it to B; then the flap of the coop, D, was pasted to C. After that, Auntie cut some very narrow strips of paper to put in the slits, x, across the back and front of the coop, to keep the chicken in. Frank and Alice began to make coops as fast as ever they could, and then they wrote little cards, "To bring you Easter greetings," and fastened them to the coops.

As they leaned back in their chairs and looked at their work with much satisfaction, a sudden thought struck Alice.

"Where are the rabbits?" she asked.



"We will do those next," answered Auntie, and folding a piece of paper, she cut a bunny like this:

She was careful to place the part of the bunny from *m* to *m* on the fold of the paper; that made a double bunny, and when it was unfolded ever so little, the straight part, *b*, made it stand.

Frank and Alice were delighted with the bunnies and cut a great many. After a little, they found they could cut them with a carrot or a leaf in their mouths.

Presently mother came in to see their work.

"Don't you think the little sick children will love them, mother?" asked Alice, holding up her bunnies.

"The chickens will make them think of spring, won't they?" asked Frank.

"I am sure of it," said mother, "but why don't you make some little bluebird cards for the tiny tots who are too tired and sick to do more than hold up a small card? Bluebirds are among the early spring birds, you know, and besides, they mean happiness. I think they would be beautiful for Easter cards."

Both children turned to Auntie, who said at once:

"Of course; the very thing.! How will this do?" and in a twinkling, she had cut out three or four bluebirds. When the children had colored them, she showed them how to paste them across a card, putting the smaller ones in the background to make them look as if they were flying. The way they looked when finished you will see in the picture.

"I am going to make ever so many of those to send to people this Easter," said Frank. "They are so much nicer than the cards you buy."

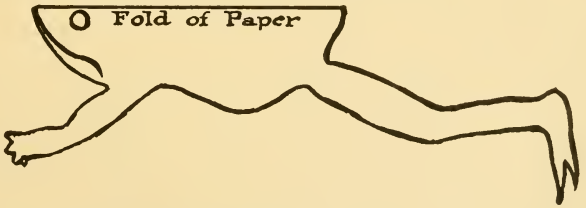
"I think so, too," replied Auntie. "But here comes father. What do you suppose he will think of your new Easter cards?"

"Chickens, rabbits, bluebirds," said father. "All signs of spring, indeed. But where is your frog? I was never quite sure when I was a youngster, that spring had come to stay till I saw the first frog."

"A frog!" said Frank. "I don't believe we could make a frog, at least not one that could swim, and I don't think a frog that can't swim would be much good, do you?"

"Not much good," said Auntie, smiling. "But I am not so sure that we cannot make one that will swim; let us try."

So she found some heavy green paper, and after trying two or three times, she cut a figure like this:



Then she made some marks on the back with dark green

crayon, creased the joints of the legs and put wax on the under side, passing an iron over it that was just warm enough to melt the wax, so that water would not readily soak the paper. Then very carefully she dropped it in a bowl of water.

Frank and Alice were wild with delight. Suddenly father, with a twinkle in his eye, lifted the frog out.

"I will make him a magic frog," he said. He made a quick pass or two over the frog, and put it back on the water.

"Now he will swim wherever I tell him. This way, Mr. Frog," and father showed the way he wished the frog to go by pointing with something that looked like a match. Will you believe it? That frog followed the little stick as if he could not help himself. Father laughed at the puzzled look on the children's faces, and then hurried off to answer the telephone. When he had gone, Frank looked sharply at the "match" he had laid down on the table.

"That isn't a match," he said. "That is the little magnet Bobbie has to guide his swimming toys. Hurrah, I've found father's trick," as he looked closely at the frog's head. "Father put a needle in his head, and of course the frog had to follow the magnet. Let's make them all magic frogs, Alice."

And if you wish to know how the sick children in the hospital and in the Home for Crippled Children, to whom Frank and Alice sent their cards, liked them, well, I really believe the only way you can ever quite understand all about it is just to make some yourself, and take them to a children's hospital or home in your own city, or give some to a little shut-in child in your own town or village. I am very sure there are not the right words in my dictionary to tell you all about it, and I just advise you to find out for yourself.

THE GARDEN BOBBY AND BETTY MADE

Bobby and Betty stood at the window one morning very early in the spring, watching the big flakes of snow falling. They were so disappointed to see snow instead of sunshine! The packets of seeds were all in order on the big table, and when father came home, the children had expected to help him sow the seeds in the garden. But who could make a garden in a snow-storm?

"Suppose we make a garden now, without waiting for the snow to melt," suggested mother.

"Oh, Bobby, I do believe it's a scissors garden!" cried Betty.

Bobby turned from the window. "Is it, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," smiled mother, as she put a big pile of seed catalogues and magazines on the table. "First, you may choose the pictures of the flowers and vegetables that you like best, and cut them out."

"Let's take turns," cried Bobby. "You first, Betty."

"Oh, thank you Bobby! I'll have this lovely aster plant," said Betty.

"And I'll take this celery," said Bobby.

"These cabbages, next," said Betty.

"And I'll have the farmer, with his barrow," said Bobby.

And so it went on, till each had all the pictures of flowers and vegetables that they wished.

"Now," said mother, "paste each picture to a piece of cardboard and then cut it out."

"But they will not stand up alone," said Bobby.

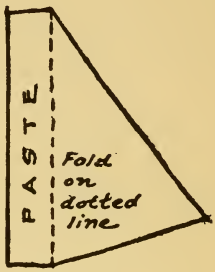


Fig. 1.

"No," said mother, "you need to paste a little piece of cardboard back of each as a support." (See Fig. 1.)

When this was done, Bobby and Betty arranged all the pictures on the table to look like a garden. Here were rows of cabbages; near at hand grew the celery. Close by was the melon patch, and tall corn was in the back. Down between

the rows came the gardener with a barrow full of good things, and away at the end of the rows you could see a workman gathering tomatoes.

It took a long time to get the garden arranged just as they wished it. When it was finished, a sudden light shining in the room made Bobby shout:

"Why, the sun is out!"

"Yes," said mother, "and the snow is all gone. Spring snows do not last long. You may go out of doors now till father comes home, and then I am sure you can sow the seeds."

"What will we do with this garden?" asked Bobby.

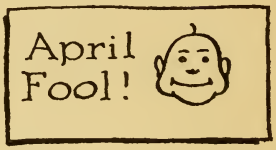
"Oh, mother," cried Betty, "let us take it to the hospital for the children to play with."

"Very well," agreed mother. "I am sure they will like it, and it is light and easy for little sick hands to arrange."

So Bobby and Betty packed the "garden" in a box and carried it to the hospital. How much sunshine they carried with it you can only know by making a garden yourself and taking it to your own hospital.

THE GORDON TWINS' APRIL FIRST

"See our April First cards!" cried Helen Gordon, holding up a handful of red cards, on each of which was a funny, merry face with the words "April Fool."



"We're going to do something different this year and we'll catch every one of you, too!" exulted her twin, Hal.

The family looked at each other and groaned. They had memories of other years, and they silently resolved not to be "caught" this time. But they were, every one of them.

It began with Mary the cook, who came early to the kitchen, to find the grate cleaned, the ashes removed, the kindling ready, and a little red card sticking out of a full bucket of coal.

Then father, going to his desk, found a new blotter in the pad, fresh ink in the well, new pens on the rack, and all his pencils, which the twins frequently borrowed—and, I am sorry to say, sometimes forgot to return—well sharpened and in order, with another of the little red cards by their side. Brother Robert found, when he went to the workroom, all the tools in perfect order and the bench cleared for work. Only a little red card gave a clue as to who had done it. Sister Jean, going to Helen's room with the clean things from the laundry, sighed a little as she thought of the untidy bureau and closet she was sure to find. But in the dresser drawer there was the daintiest order among the piles of ties, gloves, handkerchiefs and collars, and the open closet door revealed dresses and coats nicely arranged on their hangers. Jean laughed with pleasure as her eyes fell on the red cards. Mother rubbed her eyes and looked again when she went to the big darning

basket. It was quite empty, and was gay with a new lining, a fresh pincushion, a needle-book well filled, and the little red card. She turned with a sigh of relief, to spend a delightful hour with a new book that she had long wished to read.

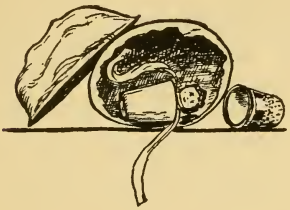
Meanwhile, Hal and Helen were busy at school. As Hal entered the locker room, Tony Frankino left it. He had placed his lunch-box on the shelf close to Hal's and it took but an instant for Hal to whisk off the cover and put in a generous share of the ham sandwiches from his own lunch, a spice cake, an apple, and an orange, with a red card. Do you suppose Tony's grin of pleasure when he discovered the joke had anything to do with the fact that Hal's own lunch had never tasted quite so good before?

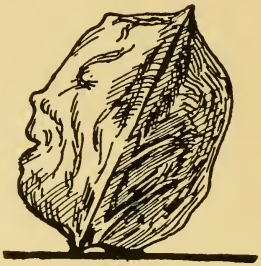
Helen, passing Mary Wood's seat when no one was looking, dropped on the desk a bag of English walnuts. Now Mary was the brightest girl in the class, even though her face was black, and she wore shoe-strings on her braids, and did not have a silver thimble for use in sewing class as other girls did.

Such nuts as that bag held! Out of one fell a delicious candy; out of two others, some lovely hair ribbons; from another, the coveted silver thimble, while still another held a cunning wax for her thread, made by melting paraffin, molding it in a thimble, and putting a wee doll in it while still hot. You see, Helen had carefully cracked the nuts, put the things in the empty shells, and then glued them together again.

"It's the loveliest April Fool I ever had!" Mary cried happily, and Helen went back to her seat with such dancing eyes that the teacher looked at her more than once. "I'll fool *her!*" thought Helen. "I'll have the best lesson!" and she bent over her book and studied to such good purpose that she answered every question, and was marked "Perfect" in deportment.

"That's a *splendid* April Fool!" said the teacher, as Helen passed from the room and with laughing eyes handed her a wee red card.





Then Hal and Helen ran off for home, but they stopped at a small cottage on the way to give cheery greetings to lame, old Aunt Martha. "And we have brought you a ball of yarn to knit," said Helen, as Hal handed her a huge ball of yarn with a pair of needles stuck in it.

"Mercy!" cried Aunt Martha. "It's as big as your head."

"It's an April Fool ball, you know," laughed Helen. It *was* an April Fool ball, as Aunt Martha found out in the days that followed. For out of that ball there came a soft fichu for Martha's Sunday dress, a joke cut from a magazine, a bright picture, a chamois cleaner for her glasses, and in the very middle something crackly and green which looked surprisingly like part of the twins' monthly allowance. Anyway, I know Martha smiled when she thought of the next month's rent!

"And now we'll leave the 'comfort powders' for Miss Anne," said Helen as they came to the big white house on the corner.

"Come in a minute, do," urged Miss Anne's mother. "Your young faces cheer her." So the two went up to the couch where Miss Anne spent her days. "We have brought you some new medicine," twinkled Helen.

"I think I'd better not try it unless the doctor orders it," said Miss Anne.

"Oh, I'm sure it will help you; do try it," said Hal.

Thus urged, Miss Anne opened a box of "powders" and found wrapped up, in regular powder papers, bright verses, jokes, and little stories.

"Must I take only one a day?" she laughed. "If they are all as good as the first one I want them all now. Here comes the doctor. We'll catch him."

"Ha, ho, ho! changing medicine without my orders?" growled the doctor, jerking the lid off the box; his face looked so funny when he saw the "powders" that Hal and Helen ran away lest they should laugh outright.

"There's Tom," cried Hal, as they ran up their own steps. "Come on, and we'll all play carroms."

"Just in a minute," answered Helen, and presently she joined her cousin and brother, carrying a plate of delicious looking fudge. "Have some, Tom," she urged.

Tom promptly backed off.

"No, indeed, missy; you don't catch *me,*" he said.

"Better try it," said Hal, helping himself.

Tom gingerly ate one piece, and then another. Presently Helen said, gayly,

"April Fool, Tom."

Tom grinned as he looked at the empty plate. "I would have been fooled, if I hadn't eaten it, and I was anyway, for I expected every piece to be a joke. Much obliged, Helen."

"This has been the *best* April First!" said Helen.

"More fun than the mean things we used to do," agreed Hal.

MAY BASKETS

"May baskets! What are they? What do you do with them? How do you make them?" The questions come from girls and boys in the West and the South. Yes, I suppose the New England boys and girls do know more about hanging May baskets than any of us, but it is such a pretty custom that I feel all will like to observe it this year, if we never have done so before.

First, then, May baskets need not be baskets at all, but pretty boxes or dainty receivers, made with gay tissue-paper, streamers, and ribbons. Sometimes they are filled nearly full with pop-corn, candy, or little cakes and crackers; but every true May basket must contain flowers at the top—real ones, if you can get them and if not, the prettiest paper ones you can make. When your baskets are made and filled, you steal softly, some early evening in the first week of May, to the door of some one you wish to remember, hang the basket on the door-knob, ring the bell and run away before you are discovered. You see it is something like a May valentine! You can make the May baskets for father, mother, your best friends, lonely people, (whom I am sure you will not forget) and any one in your town who is a "shut-in." Perhaps your class or club will have a meeting and make ever so many baskets to fill for the children in the hospital, or in the Crippled Children's Home, or for any one, who is not able to get out in the sunshine, as you are.

And now for directions for making the baskets. Provide white paste, crepe paper napkins with pretty flowered designs in the corners, stiff white paper, and scissors. Small candy boxes will make good foundations.

Select a small square box, and a napkin that has a square design; cut off the edges of the napkin to the design, and cover the box smoothly with it, letting the flowers come at the corners. Tie cords or ribbon to each side of the box (Fig. 1, See Basket One) and you have as dainty a basket as one can wish. The top of the same box may be used to make Basket Two. Take three long strips of tissue-paper; (Fig 2) these may all be of one color, or you may use two shades of pink and one of white. Make the bottom one the widest, and the top one the narrowest. Fringe on both edges, cover the outside of the box with the fringed paper (the easiest way is to sew it on with long stitches), and to cover the uncut middle part of the paper paste a row of flowers cut from your napkins; finish with hangers. See Illustration.

If you wish to send some one a potted plant instead of a basket of cut flowers, you can make a pretty cover from a napkin, the design of which is circular; back the cut-out part with plain white paper; in the center of this paste a piece of cardboard the size of the bottom of the pot; punch holes near the edge of the outer circle of the fancy paper, thread with ribbon and draw the paper up around the pot. (See Fig. 3.)

A very pretty basket for jonquils or other long-stemmed flowers is made by using Pattern A. Cut on heavy lines; fold on dotted lines; paste *c* to *d*, and fold down and paste points *x, x;* trim with pansies or roses cut from napkins. (See Basket Four.)

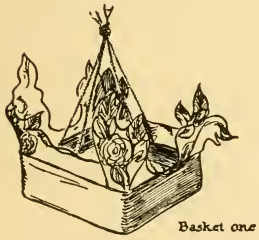
The same pattern, or the one called B, may be used to make the basket shown in Basket Five. After the basket is pasted, cover it with paper which has been cut like Pattern M. Each little strip should be ½ inch wide; when you have cut the slits (you will find it quicker and easier to fold your paper several times and cut through all thicknesses at once), you should

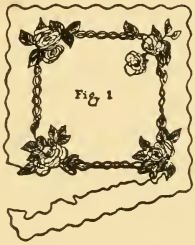
round each end as at *e;* then take the end and turn it over sharply, as at *k.* Beginning at the bottom of your basket, paste this paper to it, carrying it round and round; finish at the top with green leaves, cut from green tissue-paper or out of a flowered napkin. The body of the basket is very dainty if made from pure white paper; shades of pink and white on the edge remind you of apple-blossoms.

A cunning little basket like Basket Six may be made by Pattern D. Cut on heavy lines, fold on dotted lines, paste, and cover either with plain white crepe paper, or flowers cut from paper. From a magazine cut kewpies, bunnies, pussies, or figures of children; back them with cardboard to make them stiff, giving each one a little standard, then glue to the corners of the box.

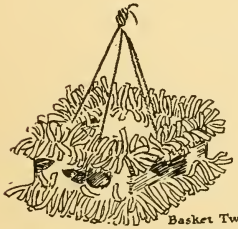
A wee market-basket may be made by weaving with double strips; the directions may sound hard, but the work is easy and fascinating, so do try it. You need two long double strips; these should be at least 18 times as long, when doubled, as they are wide. Prepare 16 weavers, of a contrasting color, but the same width, as the foundation strips. These should be 3 times as long as the width, when doubled. Lay the foundation strips flat on the table before you, with the open ends of A under your right hand, A being at the front of table; let the open ends of B be under your left hand, with B lying just back of, but alongside A. Take a small weaver and put it around A and into B, working from front to back, that is, you open the weaver to pass it both above and below A, and close it to slip into B. The next weaver goes around B and into A from back to front. Repeat till you have used all the weavers; tighten the weaving by holding the opposite ends and pulling gently. Trim off the ends of weavers on one side, for the top of basket, and turn the others in to strengthen the bottom, which is made by pasting in a fitted oblong of paper. See Basket 7.

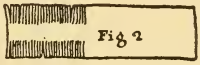
Fold the weaving to allow three squares for each end and five for each side. The long ends of the foundations are tucked into the weaving and pasted. A strip of paper forms the handle, and another piece a little longer than the basket makes the cover. Crease this ⅛ inch each side of the center, and fold; paste the part between the folds to the top of the basket.

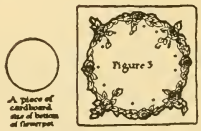




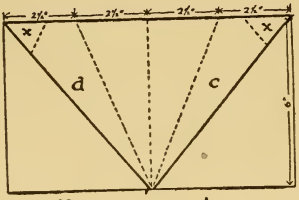
Basket Three



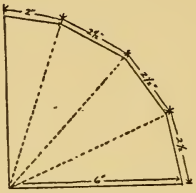




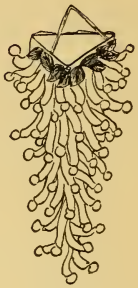
Basket Four



Pattern A

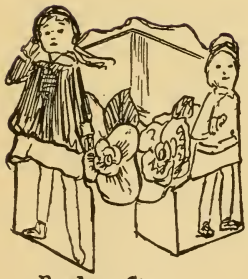


Pattern B

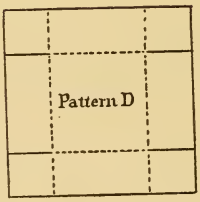


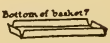
Basket Five

Pattern M

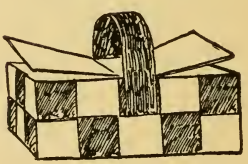


Basket Six





Basket Seven



BOBBY SENDS BETTY A FARMYARD

Bobby was making his first visit to the country, and it seemed to him there was something new to see every minute! First, there were the pigs in the yard. Bobby loved to stand on a pile of clean boards just outside the pig-yard and watch them. He was very sure he had never seen anything so funny as the curl in the end of the mother pig's tail! But he thought the whole Pig family had very bad table manners; he was quite shocked when he saw them put their feet in the drinking-trough at meal-time!

Then there was the long-legged calf that came night and morning to the gate for a big pail of milk. Bobby used to watch Bossy drink the milk, but he did not think it at all polite, when Bossy gave the pail a big push with his head at the end, and ran off without any kind of a thank-you!

Bobby dearly loved the white lamb that Aunt Mary fed every day from a bottle. The lamb's mother was dead, and so Aunt Mary had to feed it this way. It would drink so hungrily, its funny tail shaking back and forth all the time till Bobby laughed aloud. But even more amusing was the big rooster with his proud air and his shining feathers. He walked up and down, up and down, as if he knew Bobby was looking at him; then he would stretch his neck, and cry:

"Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o"

till Bobby would clap his hands and say,

"Do it again! Please do it again!"

And if Bobby waited long enough, the rooster always did do it again!

Bobby never could tell which he liked better, going to the barn to hunt for eggs in the new hay, or helping Hulda drive the geese into their yard at night. It was such fun to put his hand into the nests and take out the smooth, white eggs, till the basket was so full that he could hardly carry it. But then, the geese were so queer marching along the lane just like soldiers, though Bobby was secretly glad Hulda always had a long stick in her hand, for once he had seen a goose put out her long neck, and hiss dreadfully!

But of all the country friends, Bobby loved Rover, the big collie, best. He was so wise and kind. He would go to the pasture and drive up the cows all by himself when Uncle John told him to do so; he kept all the hens away from the garden; he was the jolliest playmate a little boy could wish; and he could sit up and beg beautifully.

There was just one thing that Bobby did not like; he told Aunt Mary about it one day.

"I wish Betty were here to see it all," he said.

Now Betty was ill with scarlatina, and was spending these days, while Bobby was on the farm, in the hospital with a number of other little children who had it also. She was not very ill, but of course Bobby could not go to her.

"I know what we will do," said Cousin Anna, when she heard what Bobby said. "We will send the farm to Betty."

"Why-ee! How can we?" asked Bobby.

Cousin Anna brought out paper and scissors, and began to draw. First, she drew the mother pig, curly tail and all.

The lamb came next, and after that Rover, and soon all the

farmyard animals were on her paper. Bobby cut them out and folded them on the lines, *x, x,* so that they stood up.

"We will let Betty go egg-hunting, too," laughed Cousin Anna.

How Bobby's eyes sparkled as he watched Cousin Anna draw the nest (see Pattern B); when he had cut it out, he pasted the little flaps, *m, m,* to a card, and slipped in the eggs, *e, e;* last of all, he put the hen on the nest.

"It's just most as good as a real nest!" he sighed, happily.

Bobby cut ever so many geese, and by folding the wings just a little, he made them look as if they were running. A broom straw made Hulda's stick. It took so long to make all the animals that Bobby wrote a "secrets" letter to Betty first. This is what he said:

"Dear Betty:

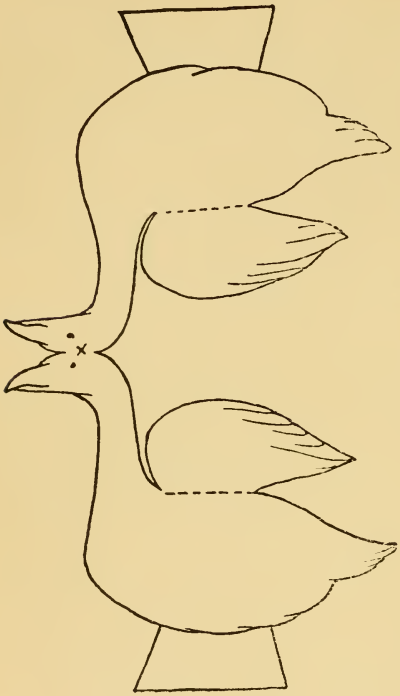
Watch for the farmyard animals I am going to send you. Uncle John says you may keep them all in your bed, if the rooster will not wake you too early in the morning.

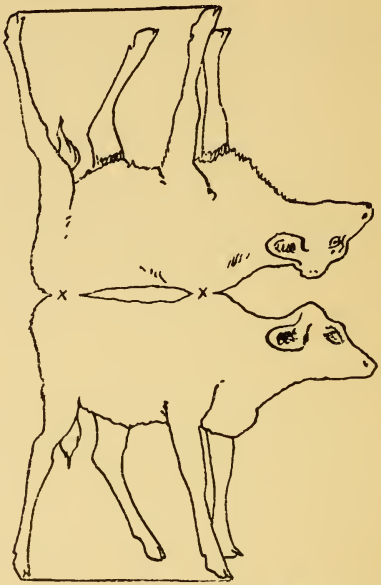
BOBBY."

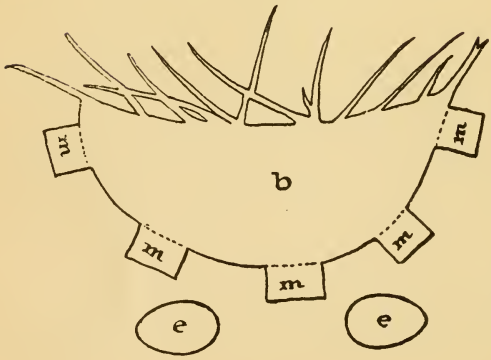
How excited Betty and the other children were over that letter! Such wondering and guessing as there was! And when the nurse at last brought the box and it was opened, what fun the children had playing with the animals. They could hardly bear to think of the pretty toys being burned when they were well enough to go home.

"Never mind," comforted Bobby, "we'll make more."

"And we'll send some more to Nurse Allen, too," said Betty.



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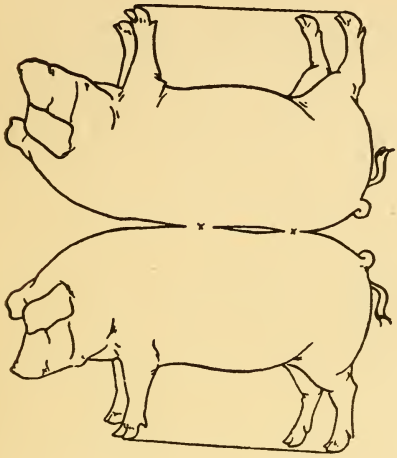

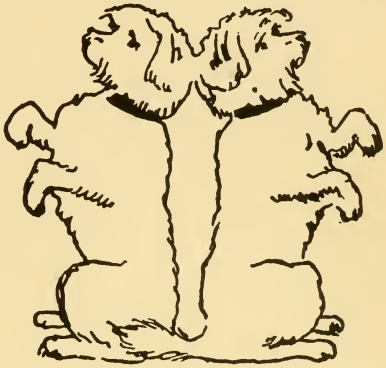

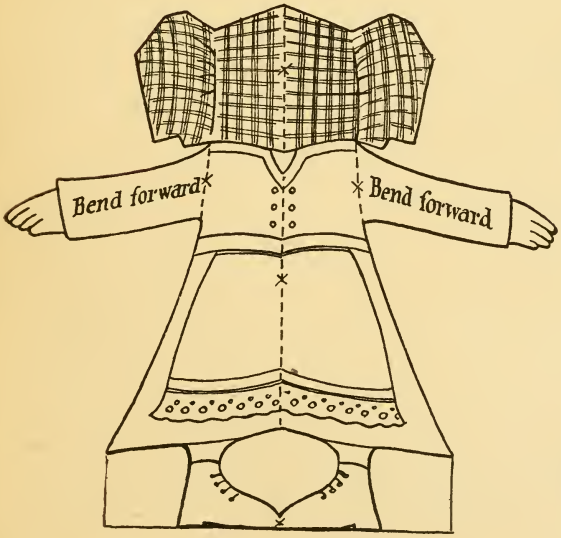
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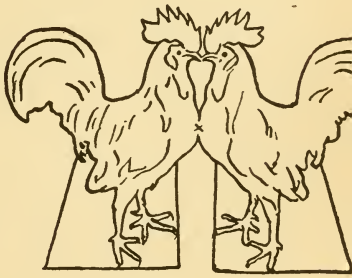
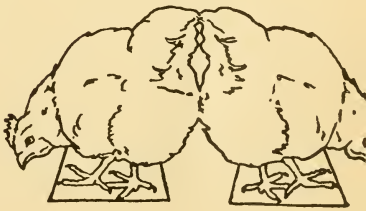




JACK TELLS HOW THE FINDING OUT CLUB HELPED

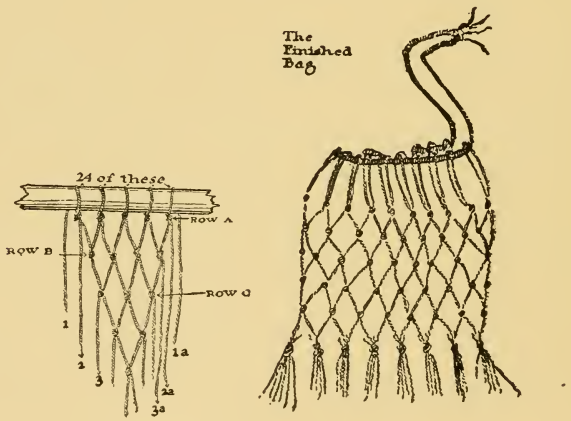
Our Finding-Out Club decided that one way to keep the third rule, "Never fail to be friendly to any one who needs a friend," was by sharing some of our good things with the boys and girls in Miss Harper's city mission school. So we sent them our papers and magazines, and some of the books we liked best; and we even sent them our copies of *Everyland,* though we were so fond of them that we hated to see them go. But they were too good not to share with somebody. Then when we were planning our Washington's Birthday party, we voted not to have ice-cream, but to send the money for that to Miss Harper, and tell her to give her youngsters a party. We did not think cake and lemonade for ourselves were half so good as ice-cream, but we were glad we had sent the money when Miss Harper wrote us what a jolly time her children had! We began to feel as if they were our real friends. And so when she told us, one day in May, that several of the children in her class would not be able to have a week's fresh air trip in the country, because they had no shoes or blouses, and no bags to carry them in, we felt as if we must do something.

We talked it over in the club meeting, and thought as hard as we could; still we did not see what we could do. None of us have much money, and there was very little in the club treasury. Then my mother told me that there were three perfectly good blouses of mine in the closet which I had outgrown, and that the shoes I had worn last summer were too small. They were ripped in two or three places, but she said if I would take them to the cobbler, he could sew them and they would be as good as new, and that I could send both the blouses and shoes. You may be sure I got those shoes fixed in a hurry, and then I took them over to the club meeting and told the other fel-

lows about it. Pretty soon they all came with things, and the girls brought ever so many waists and dresses. We saw *that* part was going to be all right, but we *didn't* know how to get the bags. Miss Andrews, our teacher, suggested that the girls make plain straight bags from brown denim, with seams strongly stitched on the machine, and firm tapes run in at the top for draw-strings, and handles, but we fellows couldn't sew, and we didn't want to be left out, either. Then, Mr. Drake, who goes on all our hikes, asked if we wouldn't like to make cord bags for the boys, and he showed us how to do it, and I can tell you we made some fine bags! This was the way we did:

We bought strong cord—macramé is the best—and cut 24 pieces each two and a half yards long, though Mr. Drake said the number of pieces and the length depended a good deal on how tightly we would tie the knots, but it was easy to add more cords, or tie a piece on if we found they were too short. First we placed each piece around a smooth stick, like a broom-stick handle, and holding both ends together, tied a knot close to the stick. That made Row *A* of knots. (See illustration). Then we took one cord from *1* and one cord from *2,* and tied in the same way, making the knots just an inch from the stick; the other end of *2* was laid with one end of *3* and tied, and so on till we had reached the 24th cord, and of course the last end there was left loose. When we began Row *C,* we left another cord loose at the beginning and again at the end. It was a little hard to keep the knots just even, so I got another stick just wide enough to keep the knots an inch apart if I tied close to it every time, and found it much easier and quicker to work that way. When we had worked across till the bag was deep enough, we slipped it off the stick, and then laid cord *1* on top of *1a,* and tied them together; then one end of this knot was tied with *2,* and the other with *2a,* and so on,

till all the side strings were tied; last of all we made a row of knots across the bottom to close the bag, and for closing the top we braided six pieces of cord in a three-strand braid, tying it at the ends after it was in the bag. I tell you, those were pretty fine bags, and Miss Harper's boys thought so, too. They wrote us some letters when they were up in the country and told us how they liked the bags, and what jolly times they were having, and we were so glad we had helped a little.



FOR OUR FRIENDS, THE BIRDS

"What are you watching so intently, Nellie?" asked Uncle Fred, coming up to his niece and laying an arm across her shoulder, as she stood gazing out of the window, against which a cold, heavy spring rain was beating.

"That poor little bird, huddled under the eaves over there," replied Nellie. "He looks so cold and uncomfortable; I wish I could make him understand that he could come into the house till the storm is over."

"I am afraid you cannot do that," said Uncle Fred, "but why don't you and John make some shelters for the birds to use in these storms? Not a real bird-house, you know, but a sort of 'Wayfarers' Inn'."

"I wonder if we could," said Nellie. She continued to watch the little bird for a few minutes, her mind busy with a plan. Then she left the room, and, going to the kitchen, she asked:

"Katie, may I have the box that the new fixtures came in?"

"Sure, Miss Nellie, no one will be afther wanting that. Yer welcome to it."

A minute later Nellie was on the way to John's attic workroom, the box in her arms. John, busy at his bench, looked up as she entered.

"What have you there?" he asked.

Nellie unfolded her plan, and John was interested at once. The box which she had brought was about two feet long, measuring eight inches across and not quite so deep. John removed very carefully the ends of the box and one side. This side he nailed to the top of the box, making a roof like the picture. The other side of the box and the bottom formed another roof like the first, for a second shelter.

Next John selected four pieces of wood, two for each shelter. Each piece was about fifteen inches long, an inch thick, and two inches wide. At one end, each piece was cut square; the

other end was mitered, or cut at an angle of 45 degrees, as at A. Five inches from the top, and also five inches from the bottom, John marked with try-square and pencil, on one face of each of the four pieces, an oblong, a, b, c, d, and cut this carefully out with a chisel, making each opening ¾ inch wide, ½ inch deep, and 1½ inches long.

The next step was to prepare two cross pieces for each shelter, each three inches shorter than the roof, ¾ inch thick, and 1½ inches wide. Through these pieces, at intervals, with a ½-inch bit, he bored holes, and fitted into each hole a piece of carpenter's dowel, ten inches long, letting the dowel project equally on both sides of the cross piece. He might have cut or whittled the round sticks, but the dowels were so cheap and so easy to get, and saved so much time that it seemed better to use them.

Then each of the cross pieces was fitted into its own oblong space, and nails and screws were driven to hold them firmly together; a cross-bar was nailed to the bottom of the uprights, and the roof fastened in place. Last, John painted the shelter; he had done the heavier part of the work, but there was much that Nellie could do too. When the paint was dry they carried the shelters down to the yard, fastened them to the top of two poles near the tool-house, first tacking all around the poles a wide strip of tin to keep tabby from encroaching.

"What are you thinking about, Nellie?" asked Uncle Fred, smiling, as Nellie stood looking at the finished house on its pole.

"She's wishing it would rain again, so she may see if the birds will use them," laughed John.

"Oh, you need not wait for a rainstorm," declared Uncle Fred. "Give the birds a bathing house, and see how soon they will use your shelters as dressing-rooms."

"A bathing house!" cried John. "The very thing! Nellie, ask Mother if we may have that nice shallow, brown dish we

brought from the country last summer. I will make a shelf on the top of this old hitching-post for it; then we can easily reach it to keep the water replenished, and we can watch the birds from the tool-house window."

Nellie soon returned with the pan, and John fastened firmly to the top of the post a board somewhat larger all around than the pan, so that a lighting-place was afforded. Then the children retired to the tool-house. Screened by the vines that grew over the windows, they eagerly watched for the first bird visitor. Soon a bluebird flew down to investigate, and finding the fresh, cool water quite to his liking, he took a fine bath, and flew to one of the shelters to preen his feathers. Nellie grew so excited over his pretty actions that she almost betrayed their hiding-place. A robin, and then a starling, soon followed the bluebird.

"Isn't it too bad we did not think about it sooner, and make some bird-houses?" mourned Nellie.

"Now is the time to think about bird-houses for next year," said Uncle Fred. "I have some in my pocket."

"In your pocket!" gasped Nellie.

"Yes," said Uncle Fred; "would you like to see them?" and he drew out a small packet of seeds. "Plant these in your garden, and you ought to have a fine crop of gourds. They are funny little things, something like cucumbers, you know, but these have a crook in the neck, and will dry with a hard shell. You may then cut a hole in one side, or near the top of the gourd with a small hole at the bottom for drainage. If you hang them singly, the bluebirds and the wrens will like them. Or you may hang a number of them near together, and make an apartment-house for the martins, who like living near each other. They are not as durable as a house built of wood, but they will last for a season, and it is so easy to get more."

The children hurried off to the garden to plant the seeds.

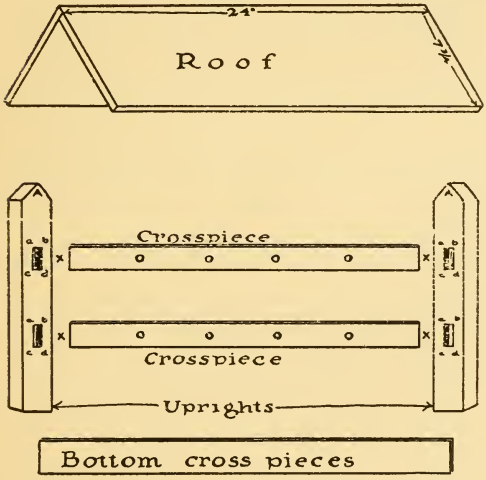
As they came back past the kitchen, they saw Katie placing some empty tomato cans in a box of refuse. John picked up one and looked at it thoughtfully.

"Do you suppose we could make a bird-house out of this?" he asked. "I am going to try, anyway," and he started for his workshop. Not to be outdone by her brother, Nellie selected another can and followed. John entirely removed the cut end of the can, and fitted to the opening a circular board, after having cut away a part of it for an entrance. Two thin boards nailed together formed a roof with a little porch, and served to screen the can from the hot sun. It also allowed a row of holes along the part of the can that came under the roof, for ventilation. The roof was wired firmly to the can, and a piece of wire was provided to fasten the whole to the limb of a tree.

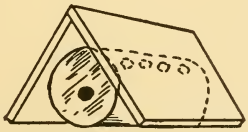
Nellie worked in a different manner. The end had not been entirely removed from her can, and she bent it back into place. The small opening left was no more than was needed for ventilation. With a pair of old but strong shears, she cut a semicircular opening in one side of the can, bending the piece of tin down but not removing it, so that it formed a resting-place for the bird. She covered the whole can with strips of cedar bark which she had peeled from some fallen logs the year before, because it was such fun to strip off the long pieces and because she admired the pretty brown color so much. It made just the right covering for the can now, and a small wire around the bark, near the top and the bottom of the can, held it firmly in place. The bark strips were a good deal longer than the can, and at the top the bark was fastened closely with wire. The finished house was a quaint little domicile and quite inconspicuous enough to please the most fastidious bird.

The idea of using bark as a covering was so pleasing to both John and Nellie that they began to look for other kinds, and hardly a walk they took that summer failed to furnish

some new supply. They collected also hollow branches, and even cut off the parts of some old trees that had been hollowed out by woodpeckers, as Uncle Fred told them many birds prefer this kind of a house to all others. I am sure ingenious boys and girls will wish to try some of the plans followed by John and Nellie, and that they will find keen interest and delight in getting well acquainted with their charming neighbors, the birds.



Nellie's bark-covered tomato-can bird-house



John's tomato-can bird house

GIFTS FROM THE COUNTRY

Nancy sat on the back step, her chin buried in her hands, her eyes fixed gloomily ahead, her whole attitude showing the deepest dejection. A few yards away, seated on the chopping-block, sat her brother Dan, whittling a piece of soft pine. His lips, usually puckered for a merry whistle, were closely shut, and he looked quite as dejected as Nancy.

Aunt Madge came around the corner of the house and stopped in surprise at the gloomy looks. Then she sat down beside Nancy. Nancy moved over a little to make room and gave her a *quarter* of a smile.

"Don't you think you'd better tell me about it?" asked Aunt Madge, after a minute.

"Oh, Aunt Madge!" cried Nancy so vigorously that Aunt Madge fairly jumped, "It's horrid to live in the country and not be able to do anything!"

"Why-y-y!" exclaimed Aunt Madge, too surprised to say anything else.

"You see, it's this way," explained Dan, putting his knife into his pocket and coming closer, "we'd like to do the things you were talking about last night—you know—the things city boys and girls do for mission schools, and gifts to send away, and such things, but we can't."

"Why not?" asked Aunt Madge.

"Why, Aunt Madge!" cried Nancy. "You *know* that we haven't a *thing* to give."

"Oh, you funny, funny children!" laughed Aunt Madge, "when you could send such lovely things every month of the year."

"What?" demanded Nancy, breathlessly.

Aunt Madge looked up over her head, where a climbing rose rioted in wonderful bloom.

"This month, roses, and next month, daisies, and after that clover-blooms, and next, goldenrod and asters, and then, autumn leaves," checking them off on her fingers.

"But who would want common country flowers?" queried Nancy.

"Why, girlie," returned Aunt Madge, "there are hundreds of children in every big city who have never seen a flower growing, and the Flower Mission Bands* are glad to have the help that only you country boys and girls can give."

"But how could we get the flowers to the city?" asked Dan. "It takes money to send them."

"The express companies carry them free of charge to cities within 150 miles. You drive over to the railway station every morning with the milk and you can take every day a box which Nancy can help you pack," said Aunt Madge.

"You said *every* month!" challenged Nancy, her quarter smile now grown a complete one at the prospect.

"Yes, little Miss Doubter!" retorted Aunt Madge. "In the spring, of course, Mayflowers, hepatica, bloodroot, after that violets; then buttercups. And for the winter, what do you think of rose hips, with their bright red, and bittersweet berries, or barberries?"

"I know where to get whole armfuls of ground-pine, too," said Dan.

"And pine cones, lovely big ones," added Nancy. "Will it not be fun?"

"But that is not all," said Aunt Madge. "Can you imagine how the little tots, in the day nurseries, for example, would love these for doll tea dishes?" and she opened her hand.

"Acorn cups!" cried Nancy. "The biggest ones I ever saw

*Write to the National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for the address of their organization in the city nearest you and for free transportation labels for packages.

grow on our tree in front of the house. I always played with them myself when I was little, but I never thought—"

Aunt Madge smiled, and went on:

"And Dan says he always has more pop-corn than you can use. I never ate any candy half so good as Nancy's sugared pop-corn. You could fill as many bags made of net with it as you pleased and send them to a mission school at Christmas. And if you were to tap those three big sugar-maples that I see just over there, and make some maple-sugar in the spring—well, I could wish that I might be one of the children that would get some of it, that's certain. And I haven't said a word yet about the beechnuts, butternuts, and hickory-nuts!"

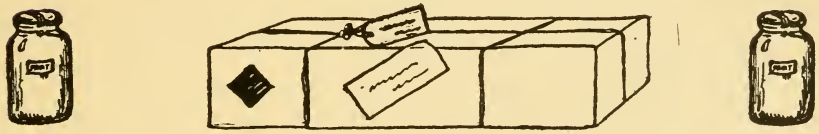
"Oh, Aunt Madge!" sighed Dan and Nancy together, too excited and happy to say more.

"That is not half!" declared Aunt Madge. "What about the berries, a long procession of them? If you cannot send the berries themselves, you can make them into jellies, and the apples, cherries, pears, and all the other fruits that you have in such abundance can be made into jelly or jam for hospitals, and the express companies will carry these, too, free of charge to the Flower Guild which is in every large city. Then down by the lakeside," and Aunt Madge pointed to the little lake which gleamed through the trees, "I saw shells that would be wonderful to some city children I know. Those pretty white pebbles on the shore at the boat landing would be a great treasure to some others. And there are cattails, and the wonderful milkweed pods, and more things than I can say. I think you are very rich and fortunate children."

"So do I!" exclaimed Nancy, springing to her feet. "Thank you for helping us to find it out. We must get right to work. What will you do first, Dan?"

"Hoe that pop-corn to make sure of a good crop," said Dan, taking his hoe down.

"I'll gather some flowers and let them stand in water up to their necks before I pack them in a box to send with the milk wagon to-morrow morning," said Nancy. "Then I am sure I can find some ripe berries up in the west pasture. We mustn't waste a minute; there is so much we can do."



FUN AND FIRECRACKERS

"Somebody please tell me how we are to be 'safe and sane' and have any fun on the Fourth of July!" cried Jack Martin, throwing himself on the grass under the big maple.

"Fourth of July!" cried his cousin Alice. "I suppose you mean the First of July!"

"No, indeed," returned Jack. "Why should I mean the First? Stay," he cried, striking an attitude, "I had forgotten you came from Canada, and something tells me, fair cousin—"

"Oh, Jack, don't be absurd!" said Helen, his sister. "Of course you remember the First is Dominion Day."

"And what may Dominion Day be, please?" asked Jack with a teasing look at his cousin.

"Our birthday, just as the Fourth is yours," returned Alice, spiritedly, "and we celebrate it in much the same way."

"And father says we are to be 'safe and sane' this year," said Jack, dropping back on the grass, with a disgusted look. "Pretty slow, I call it."

"There goes that kid again," exclaimed Allen, his eyes on a small figure trudging along the dusty highway just beyond the gate. "What do you suppose he has in that pail?"

"Water," returned Jack. "He is carrying it to the workmen who are repairing the road just around the bend."

"Pretty heavy load for such a youngster, I should think," commented Allen.

"He is an Italian," said Helen; then added soberly, "he has so many little brothers and sisters, I suppose he has to work to help feed them."

"Where do they live?" asked Alice.

"In that tiny house by the bridge," said Helen. "There is a crippled girl in the family, too. I saw her at the window one day when we passed."

"They must think America is a hard place to live in," said Jack warmly, staring down the road.

"Wouldn't it be fun to give them a good time here under these big trees, and let them know that we are their friends?" suggested Alice.

"Let's do it for the Fourth!" cried Helen.

"And tell them about the Declaration, and the flag and—"

"We can get crepe paper and cut out lovely flags."

"And the liberty bells, too—"

"The little lame girl can take them home to make her room gay—"

"And we will have ice-cream and cake and lemonade—"

"And firecrackers," added Alice.

"A 'safe and sane' Fourth, I tell you; father said so!" cried Jack, striking his hands together.

They all laughed at his vigor.

"No, we must have firecrackers, the kind that not even Uncle John could object to," insisted Alice. "Wait! I'll show you."

She ran into the house, to return a moment later with several mailing tubes, a roll of red paper, paste and scissors. Quickly she covered a tube with red paper, first closing one end with a piece of paper pasted firmly over it. (See Fig. 1.) Then a piece of brown paper, folded and rolled to fit into the top, with a bit of string sticking out of the middle (See Fig. 2), made a stopper, and it looked just like a very big real firecracker. (See Fig. 3.)

"We will make enough for each child in the family, and fill them with candy," she said.

"We can use pop-corn and small crackers, too," said Jack.

"And a painting book and crayons for the lame girl would go in another," said Allen.

"There is one of the little sisters who makes wonderful crocheted lace, I shall put some thread in hers," said Helen.

"Oh, mother," called Jack, as he saw his mother crossing the lawn, "do come and hear our Fourth of July plans."

"That *is* a fine plan," assented mother, "but I have just heard we must start for Canada."

For a minute, there was great disappointment. Then Helen had a brilliant idea.

"We will celebrate the First in the States," she said.

"And the Fourth in the Dominion," cried Alice. "Don't you remember that Ruthenian settlement just north of the

Fig. 1

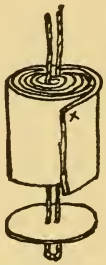


Fig. 2

village, Allen? They would enjoy a party like this as much as these Italian children."

"Great," declared Jack. "And let's teach them all to sing that lovely new American song: 'Oh beautiful for spacious skies'."

"Yes indeed!" agreed Allen. "I am sure we can sing with all our hearts:

'And crown the good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!'"

A SUMMER CHRISTMAS-TREE PARTY

"Why, how queer," I hear some of you exclaim. "Christmas does not come in the summer; it's much too early to even think about it. The printer must have made a mistake."

No, it is not a mistake; it is not too early to think about Christmas; and a tree party in the summer is the very best fun, for it is the *giving* kind, and that is always better than the *getting* kind. So just listen while I tell you about it.

Did you ever look and look for a Christmas package that did not come? And do you remember how disappointed you were? Or perhaps it came very late, weeks after Christmas, and half the fun of getting it was gone. Now this is just what sometimes happens to our little brothers and sisters on the other side of the world, all because American boys and girls do not think of Christmas in the summer, and start the packages on their long trip to the missionaries early enough to make sure of their arriving in time. And a summer Christmas tree party is just to get the gifts ready and packed and sent, so that no little mission children may be disappointed when the 25th of December really arrives. So let us plan for our party this very minute.

Where shall we have it? Where, indeed, should we have a summer party but out-of-doors? We can use a pretty little tree that grows on the lawn; yes, any one of them will do nicely. Best of all, not one of them will need to be cut down, but can keep right on growing after their Christmas load has been taken off, and next year we will find them in the same place, ready for another party!

It may be a little hard to find a tree if our party is to be given in the city; but if nothing better can be done, it will be possible to buy a tree, and set it up in the house, or the yard,

just as we do in the winter. Only, we must find some way to *have* the tree.

The best fun of all will be the tree itself. We will have it trimmed with the decorations that we make from the directions on page 74, and we will have all the gifts, hanging on the branches, before the party begins. Let us be careful to wrap the packages very daintily and neatly, just as we would for father and mother or sister, and then let us fasten to each a small slip of white paper, with a little description of the gift which is inside the wrapper. For instance, we will say on one, "A work-bag with thread and thimble; for a girl of 14"; or, "A knife with two blades; for a boy." This will save the mission teachers the time and trouble of unwrapping and rewrapping each one of our packages. For how could they know to whom to give a pretty bundle unless they knew what was in it? And you know missionaries are very busy people.

The tree, then, will be as beautiful as we can make it when our guests arrive, and after we have played the games till we are tired we will gather in a big circle around the tree and sing some of the dear old Christmas songs; then some grown-up will tell us the story of the first Christmas, and, as we listen, we will be, oh so glad that our little friends in other lands are hearing that story too, and that we can have a little share in making their lives brighter and happier.

Then, last of all, we will take the gifts and the trimmings from the tree, and pack them carefully in a case, ready to send on their journey. As each thing is taken from the tree, we will repeat our favorite verse from the Bible, and lay the gift in the big box with a Christmas wish for the person to whom it goes. All our guests will help us in the packing, and when the last thing is safely in place, father or our biggest boys will fasten the box up securely, and the expressman will take it away for us.

Weeks before the party comes off, our Sunday-school teacher or some one will have written to the secretary of the mission board, (the minister knows where), to get the correct address of our missionary, and shipping directions, and this address will be marked plainly on the outside of the big box, so that no mistake can be made. And when the last nail has been put in, the last letter written, and the box actually started, I am sure we will all be ready to say that there is no nicer party to be had than a summer Christmas-tree party.

THINGS TO MAKE FOR THE SUMMER CHRISTMAS TREE

In planning for your tree remember to provide things that will stand shipping well. First, get a quantity of English walnuts. Open them carefully by inserting a small pen-knife blade at the stem end. Remove the meat, and after gluing the edges of the half-shells, put them together again, first inserting a length of ribbon for a hanger. When the glue has thoroughly dried, give the shells a coat of gilt or silver paint. Ten cents' worth of paint will cover ever so many shells, and you can make dozens of them in a single rainy afternoon.

Pop a quantity of corn to string for your tree, pack it in tin biscuit or coffee boxes, and it will journey safely around the world.

The very smallest children can have some part in this wonderful summer tree, and they will love to make yards of paper chain out of bright silver, gilt, and colored paper cut into strips and pasted into rings.

Pretty paper garlands are made of red, white, and holly-green paper in 3-inch squares, strung as in Figure 1. Use plain tissue paper, and push it up on the string so as to crumple it ever so little. Or you may cut dozens of little bells, like Figure 2, from red paper, and string them through the hole in the top. These will add a pretty note of color to your tree, and later, to some gloomy room.

Stars cut from pasteboard and covered with gilt or silver paper are easy to make, too. Candy holders, like Figure 3, made of red paper, look very pretty on the tree, also. They could be sent flat, with directions for fastening, and in that case instead of pasting them, you should send with them a box of small paper fasteners, to be put in at *x, x*.

Whatever else you leave out, do not forget to put in some

splendid big pine cones, and, for the missionaries, a tin box of pine or balsam needles, that may be burned in the open fireplaces to give "the Christmas smell." For you know many of these brave workers cannot find our kind of Christmas tree, and a whiff of the spicy odor makes them forget how far away from home they are.

The mission children dearly love to receive small bottles of perfumery. These would need to be well packed, if they are to go safely, so why not wrap each one in a small ball of cotton, and cover it all with crepe paper, to look like a big red or green apple? If you do this you should put in a letter, telling the teacher what to expect in the parcel, so that she may give it to the right child. As for gifts, the Lady-Who-Knows

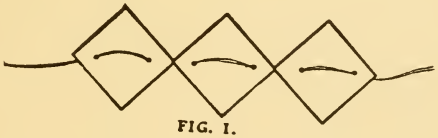


FIG. 1.

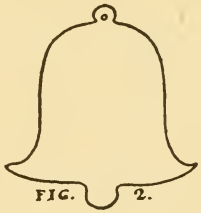


FIG. 2.

says, send the boys writing tablets, small cakes of soap, colored crayons, penknives, marbles, and lead-pencils. You will find ways of earning money with which to buy these things, and you may like to make the cases in which to put some of them. You will find it better to buy pencils and crayons by the dozen and make your own assortments. Boxes to hold three pencils may be quickly made from Pattern A; a box for six crayons from Pattern B. A bit of book-mending tape in the inside of each corner, makes a stronger box. You may use for your box stiff paper or thin cardboard. Passe-partout binding is effective as a trimming, and also adds to the strength, and a few Christmas seals give the boxes the holiday touch.

The marbles should be put in strong but pretty bags. A small case for the knives may be made from a bit of leather, or you may put each in a little paper box.

The younger children will love to make some stocking scrap-books for the mission little ones. Fold two pieces of paper as in Figure 4 and cut on the heavy black line. Or if it is easier, lay one of the baby's little stockings on your white paper, and cut around it. Then sew the two papers together at the top; only two long stitches are required. Now paste in this book the pictures that you think little children would like, and

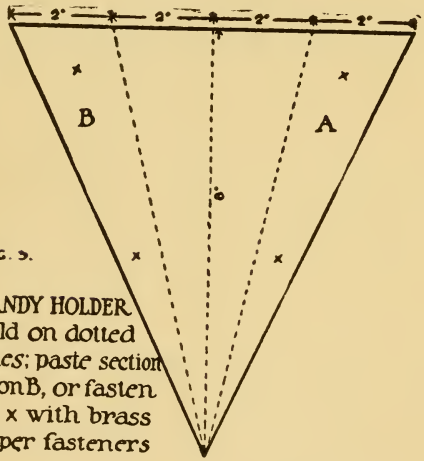


FIG. 3.

CANDY HOLDER
Fold on dotted lines; paste section A on B, or fasten at x with brass paper fasteners

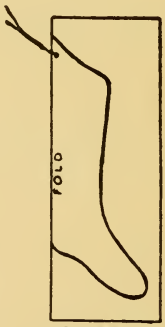
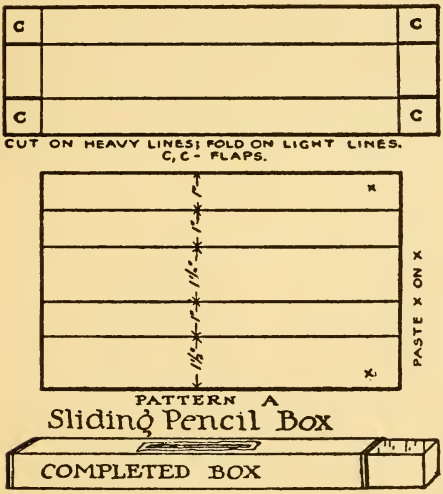


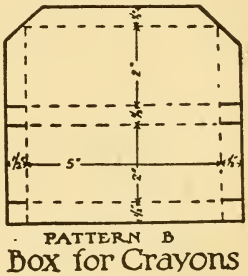
FIG. 4.
Stocking Scrap Book

fasten a red string at the top to hang it up by.

Or you may prefer to make your scrap-books look like a chimney. Then you will need some red cardboard, which you will line off to look like bricks, as in Figure 5. Back of this tie white leaves of the same size as those on which you have pasted the pictures. The finishing touch would be a picture of Santa Claus, cut from a postal card, and pasted at the top as if he were just about to go down the chimney.

But I have left the very best for the last. This is the work for the girls who can sew nicely. The mission teachers always say that there are never enough dolls sent to supply all the needs, and our older girls will be glad to dress dolls, and dolls, and then more dolls. Let the clothes be plain, but made just as neatly as possible, as the teachers like to use them as patterns from which the girls can copy. If possible, get the indestructible dolls, rather than those jointed with rubber, for they





last so much longer. Dress them in any pretty color except red, or white, which in many countries is used as mourning. And of course you will make clothes that will "go on and off," and of material that will wash.

One thing that will delight the little foreign girls is a nice work-bag. Choose some strong but pretty wash material; chambray, linen, gingham, or cretonne will be good. Make them in any style that you like, and put into them such things

as you wish; thimble, scissors, darning and sewing cotton, pins and needles, are all useful, you know.

One more thing and I am sure you will have enough to keep your fingers busy for many a day. You know you can buy very pretty prints of the great paintings of the Christmas story for a half-cent each, and extra fine ones for five cents. Get as many of these as you wish and make some Christmas cards or folders. Use for the folder an art cover paper in a gray, or if you get the sepia prints, you will choose a soft, lovely brown. Fold your paper, after you have cut it to proper size, as in C, mount your picture, leaving space for the mission teacher to write in a Christmas verse, and on the outside, paint or draw with crayon, a spray of pine or holly, and you will have a simple gift that will carry the thought of Christmas wherever it goes.

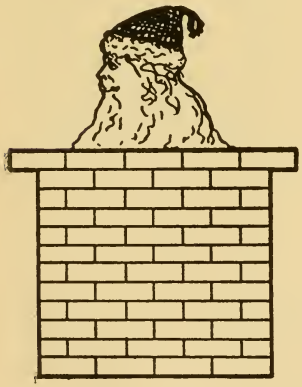


FIG. 5.

PATTERN C.

FOLDER CLOSED

THE "CANDY KID"

In most cases, where Sunday-school classes or clubs provide candy for home mission schools at Christmas, it seems wiser to make the square net bags, and send them with money, allowing ten cents for each bag. The candy can generally be purchased as cheaply where the mission school is located, and the empty bags are more easily sent. So, as a matter of convenience to the mission teacher, the bags ought to be made in a shape most easily filled, and not much variation of the square form can be found, though net cut in the shape of stockings or mittens is good.

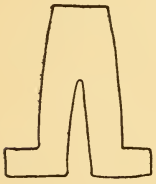


Figure A

But if your Christmas gift of candy is to go to some near-by city mission, so that you can fill the bags before sending them, an amusing form is the "candy kid." Cut a piece of coarse white net in the form of Fig. A. Overhand the doubled edges with red yarn. Make the feet and legs just large enough to take a stick of the old-fashioned striped candy; this must be broken to make the right length for each foot; another break may be made, if you wish, at the knee. The body may be filled with either stick or lump candy. For the head, use a large flat mint candy, wrapped in white paper, with the features marked on the paper with ink; let the paper wrapping extend into the body, and draw the net up closely about it, sewing firmly enough to hold well. A gay necktie may hide the stitches and make a hanger by which to suspend the "kid." If you choose, instead of the mint face you may use a lollypop, wrapping the candy part in paper, and pushing the stick well down into the body. For the arms, cover sticks of candy of the right length in net

cases and fasten them to the body. A paper cap may also be pasted to the head.

Nuts, pop-corn, and small crackers may also be used to fill the bags, though the candy is best for the legs and arms, as it gives stiffness and shape to them.

One club of girls filled stockings with useful gifts and toys for a settlement club, and tied "candy kids" to the outside of each one. The effect was very pretty and funny.

The "kids" might be used also as favors at a party for children which your club may be giving at Christmas time as one way of sharing your good things, or you might make a number of them to sell at a fair.

PAPER DOLLS

Grandmother had just sent Bobby and Betty a roll of the most fascinating paper, covered with pictures.* Along a lovely green path, dotted with daisies, walked a wee lassie in pink dress, white apron, and pink and white sunbonnet. She carried a book and slate, and of course was going to the little schoolhouse just under the hill, where the flag was waving so gayly.

"Do you suppose she is 'A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar'?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, no!" said Betty. "It is Mary; don't you see her lamb?"

"Sure enough!" cried Bobby. "And over there is Bo-Peep."

"And Red Riding-Hood, with her basket," said Betty.

"What shall we do with the paper, Betty?" asked Bobby.

"Let's ask mother to put it around the nursery wall, and then we will keep it forever and ever!"

"Oh, let's!" agreed Bobby.

So mother helped the children fasten the paper to the wall, and they never tired of looking at it and talking about it.

One day, Aunt Helen came to visit them. She had a wonderful story to tell them about her visit to New York.

"I went to Ellis Island," she said, "to see the big ships come in with all the people who are some day to be Americans. Such a lot of children as there were! Some of them had been sick, and all of them felt strange and lonesome. And many of them had long trips to take on the cars before they could rest. I did so wish I could give the little ones some toys to make the way seem shorter, and to make them feel I was their friend."

"Didn't they have *any* toys?" asked Betty.

"Very few of them had even one," said Aunt Helen. "I

*Dennison crepe paper secured from a stationery store.

wonder if you and Bobby could not make some paper dolls for me to take back to them next month?"

Betty and Bobby looked at each other a long minute. Then Bobby said slowly,

"We—might—use—our—lovely—paper."

For just an instant longer they looked at each other, then hand in hand, they ran to Mother.

"Oh, mother, please help us take down the paper to make dolls for the little stranger children," they cried.

So mother helped them take the paper from the wall, and soon they were cutting out the gay little figures, and pasting

them carefully to cardboard, and giving each a little brace to make it stand up. Soon a whole row of Marys and Bo-Peeps and Red Riding-Hoods stood on the table. Mother brought a box, and the children packed them all away tenderly.

"I wish they could *really* talk, and tell the little strangers we welcome them," said Betty.

"The little stranger children will understand," smiled Aunt Helen, "even if your dear dollies cannot talk!"

GOOD-BY GIFTS TO MISSIONARIES

"Next month is the last club meeting we shall have with Miss Mary," said Nan, soberly.

"Our last Scout meeting with Mr. George, too," said Will.

"I do hate to think of our not having them any more," cried Anna, almost weeping, "but I suppose those people in China need them more than we do."

"'Spose they do," assented Fred. "Do you know what I have been thinking?" he went on. "The grown-ups are going to give them some fine presents before they leave; why shouldn't we young people do the same? I don't mean something very grand; just something that we would make ourselves, and that they would really use, and that would make them know we cared, too."

"Good idea, Fred," said Will, "but what could we make?"

"Mr. George and Miss Mary both admire copper things so much, we might make them some desk articles for the big desk the Sunday-school is giving them for a wedding present," said Fred.

"Very well," agreed Will, "I'll make the book supports and a letter holder. What will you do?"

"I'll make a pencil holder and a blotter," replied Fred.

"And I'll make a calendar," added ten-year-old Ben.

"Ho! you can't!" scoffed Fred.

"Oh, let him try," said Will good-naturedly. "Maybe he can."

"Let's begin right away; we'll leave the girls to make their own plans," said Fred.

So the boys departed for the workshop, where they kept their tools and copper. With a pair of heavy tinners' shears Will cut two pieces of sheet copper like Pattern A, and one piece like Pattern B. Then he smoothed the edges with a file,

and hammered the whole surface of the parts marked *x, x*. For this he used a round-headed hammer, called a ball-peen hammer. Then laying the dotted line on the sharp edge of a very hard piece of wood, with a leather mallet he slowly and carefully bent the pieces of copper till A took the shape indicated by a, and B, that shown by b. Then he bent the corners to flare out a little, and polished the whole with a piece of old emery cloth, finally rubbing them with a soft rag dipped in a little banana oil.

Fred cut his pencil holder by Pattern C, and handled his copper in the same way that Will did. For the top of the blotter, he used Pattern D, folding m, m, over the sides of the larger oblong, and pounding it down tightly in place, to make the sides stiffer. The whole top he hammered as Will had done; y, y, he bent at a little less than a right angle. Then he cut a piece of copper the same width and a little longer than Pattern D between the dotted lines, rounded it slightly, and fitted it under the two pieces, y, y, and had a very good rocking blotter. See d.

Ben watched very closely, and then he found a small piece of copper, which a very little cutting made exactly the shape of E. He drew a line e, e, and folded the copper back on that line till it would stand nicely and glued a calendar to the face of it. See E. A little hammering with the ball-peen hammer made this piece match the others, and completed a very pretty desk set.

"Pretty fine, boy!" cried Fred. "Miss Mary will like the set a whole lot better because of that calendar."

Meanwhile the girls had not been idle.

"I shall make Miss Mary a case for soap leaves," said Nan. "I can buy a package of soap leaves at the drug store for a few cents, and I can make a cloth case like an envelope for her to carry them in. She'll need that traveling."

"I shall make her a wee clothes-line and case, with pins, for she loves to keep her pretty collars and cuffs white," said Anna. "This leather will be just the thing; it only needs a strap to hold the pins, a cork with two push pins in either end, and a nice strong white string tied to them."

"Where can you get the clothes-pins?" asked Nan.

"In the toy department of any store, only five cents for a barrel of six," replied Anna. "And I have a little verse to go with the case:

'Many a little thing
Upon this string
While traveling
Will dry.
Just try!' "

"I shall make a present for Miss Mary, all by myself," announced nine-year-old Beth, "and mine shall have a verse, too."

"Oh Bethy dear, what will you make?" laughed Anna.

"You wait and see," returned Beth with dignity, as she walked away to the house.

An hour later she returned. "See my present for Miss Mary!" she cried. In a tiny blue box which had held her bottle of Christmas perfume, were ten wee spools of colored sewing silk, strung on a ribbon, to keep them from scattering.

"I bought them at the ten cent store," she said. "And here is a paper of needles, and a bodkin, and a thread waxer."

"Oh, Beth, how cunning! Where did you get it?" cried Anna.

"Made it!" returned Beth, triumphantly. "Bridget gave me the end of a paraffin candle, and I melted it in a thimble, and put a penny doll in it before it hardened; his necktie keeps him from getting lost, and makes it easy to lift him out, too."

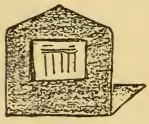
"And she even has a verse," said Nan.

And in Beth's careful printing, the girls read:

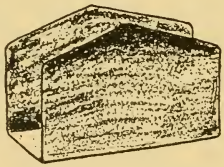
"A stitch in time—you know the rest,
A saying wise to heed!
So here are silks of many a hue
To meet that instant need;
With needles sharp, and bodkin too,
And wax to make your thread run true."

"Aunt Nell helped me with the verse," said Beth. "Do you think Miss Mary will like it and her present?"

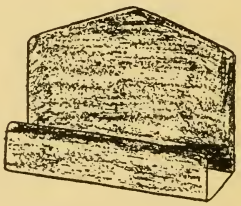
"Bless your heart!" cried Nan. "She is sure to think it is the dearest little sewing kit she ever saw, and use it a hundred times on her journey."



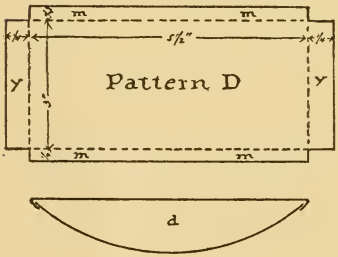
Calendar

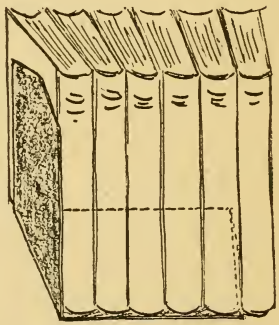


Letter Rack

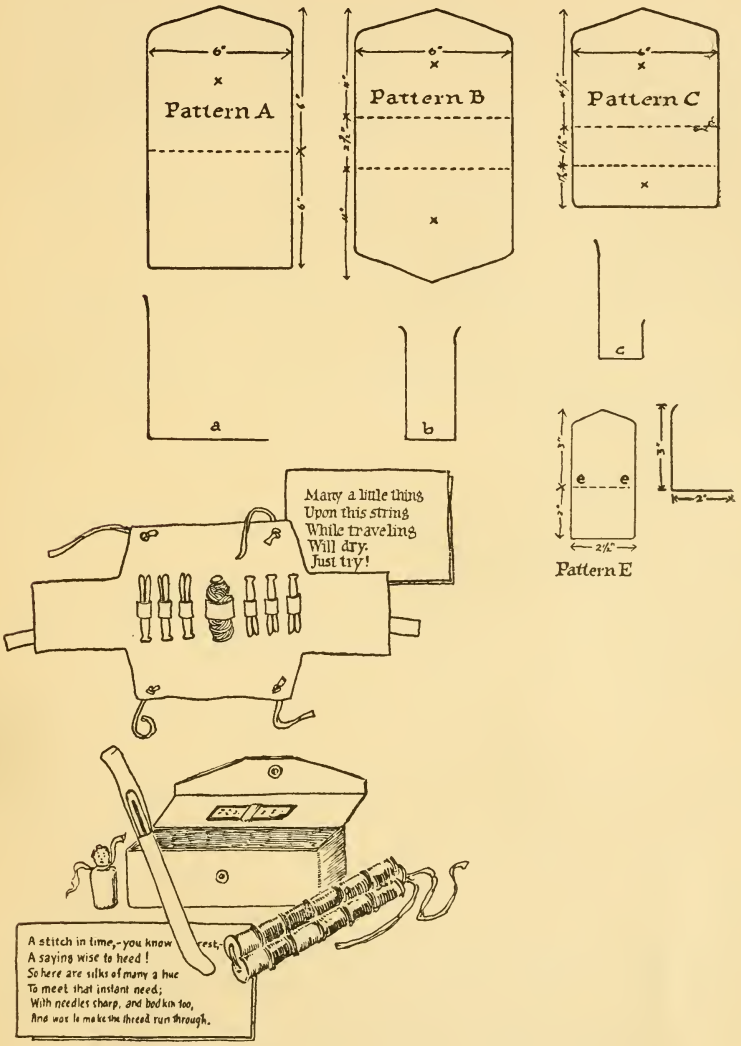


Pencil Holder





Book Rack


Pattern A
Pattern B
Pattern C
a
b
c
e e
Pattern E
Many a little thing
Upon this string
While traveling
Will dry:
Just try!
A stitch in time,—you know
A saying wise to heed!
So here are silks of many a hue
To meet that instant need;
With needles sharp, and bodkin too,
And wax to make the thread run through.

BOBBY AND BETTY MAKE A NOAH'S ARK

It was so rainy that Bobby and Betty could not go out.

"What shall we do, mother?" they asked.

"This is a good day to mend your books," said mother.

She showed them how to paste the little strips of tissue mending-paper over the torn places, and how to fasten in loose leaves with book tape.

"But how shall we ever mend these?" asked Bobby, after a little, as he brought an armful of picture-books to the table. "The covers are gone, and some of the leaves, but there are ever so many animal pictures."

"Why don't you make a Noah's ark?" asked mother.

"Oh, Mother! How could we?" cried Bobby.

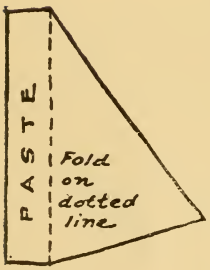


Fig. 1.

"Cut out each animal, paste it to some of this nice white cardboard, to make the picture stiff enough to stand, and then paste a little support to the back of each one," said mother. (See Fig. 1, for support.)

Bobby and Betty went to work with a will, and as each animal was finished they stood it up on the table. Pretty soon there was a double row of them all the way around the table.

"Aren't they fine?" exulted Betty.

"But where are the people?" asked Bobby.

"To be sure!" cried Mother. "We must have a Noah, and a Mrs. Noah, and the children."

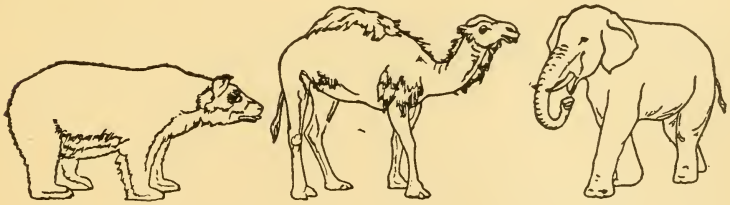
So she hunted through some old magazines, and finally found two quaint figures that would answer very nicely.

"Oh, we will use them for patterns," said Betty, "and trace others on white paper. We can color them with our crayons."

Very soon the "people" were finished, and stood bravely at the head of the procession.

"What shall we do with them now?" asked Bobby.

"Let's send them to Nurse Norton, in the Crippled Children's Home," said Betty.



"Oh, yes," agreed Bobby; "her sick children will love to play with them."

So Mother brought a box, and Bobby and Betty carefully packed all the animals in it.

"There, Mr. Noah!" cried Betty as she tucked the last figure in the box, "go and make the little crippled children laugh!"

"And tell them we love them!" added Bobby.

"Now, children, you mind what I say," and Ned Brown made his voice deep and solemn. "There sure is spooks and witches around on Hallowe'en night, and the gobble-uns 'll git *you* ef ye don't watch out!"

Harriet's dusky pigtails, with their shoe-string bows, stood out straighter than ever, and her eyes were as big as saucers. Sadie Hilsky tried to turn her nose up in her usual defiant manner, but how can one be defiant, with the cold chills running up and down one's back? Helen Brown came around the corner at this instant.

"Ned Brown, what are you saying to these children? I do believe you are trying to frighten them!" she declared. "Don't you care, girls," she added reassuringly. "Ned, come on home, you bad boy!"

The girls hurried away, and Ned followed his sister, still laughing. In a minute they had overtaken Uncle Fred, and Ned chuckled as he told what he had said to the girls.

"Harriet's eyes almost popped out of her head," he declared. "I'd like to go around to her house and leave a big Jack-o-lantern. I bet she'd squeal so loudly that you could hear her ten blocks away!"

"Well, why not do it?" asked Uncle Fred. "I'll help you."

Helen looked at her uncle in amazement. That he, the best and kindest uncle in the world, should not only fail to reprove Ned for his proposed prank, but even offer to help him carry it out was beyond belief. She was about to speak, when a queer little gleam in Uncle Fred's eye made her shut her lips tightly.

"Come up to my room with the rest of the boys and girls after supper," went on Uncle Fred, "and we will see."

Ned went to tell his chums about it, and Helen gathered her friends together to explain.

"If Uncle Fred plans it, I am sure it will be great fun, so be sure to come over right after supper."

"Now who is it we would like to visit on Hallowe'en night?" began Uncle Fred, when a dozen or more boys and girls were gathered around the open fire in his den.

"Well, first there is Harriet Field and her folks," said Ned.

"Harriet's mother washes for us," said Anna.

"Harriet wears shoe-strings on her braids," said Lou.

"They're pretty poor, I guess."

"None of the Field kids ever bring any lunch to school except dry bread," added Dan. "Their father is dead, and the mother works awful hard, my mother says."

"Then there is the Hilsky family," added Ned rather hastily, as if he did not like to think of the Fields.

"They're poor, too," said Hugh. "They have only been in this country a little while, and the father speaks very little English."

"The mother was scrubbing at our house the other day, and said she was so glad to have the work, for the rent was due next week, and if they did not pay they would be turned out," said Alice.

"H'm'm!" said Uncle Fred. "Don't you think we had better take them the biggest Jack-o-lantern we can make?" Then while the young people stared at him in surprised silence he added, tossing a coin in the air and catching it as it fell, "We might make him help pay the rent, you know."

"Oh, Uncle Fred!" cried Helen, as she caught the idea, "How lovely!"

"Could we make Jack-o-lantern feed them, too, do you think?" asked Allen.

"Well, why not?" queried Uncle Fred.

Then how the tongues did fly, as plans were made for "the *best,* the *very* best Hallowe'en fun we ever had!"

Fig. 2

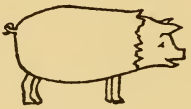


Fig. 1.

For the few days that came before Hallowe'en, Ned contented himself with making big eyes at Harriet, and Sadie, but there was such a good-natured twinkle in them that Harriet could not feel very much troubled by it, and when there came a loud rap at the door just after dusk on Hallowe'en night, she found courage to open it and look out. Such a strange sight she saw! Across the little porch marched the queerest procession! "Oh, Mammy, come and see!" she cried.

Mammy and the children came running. First they saw a huge Jack-o-lantern, with twisted grinning mouth and huge teeth. "Nem mine, honey. He'll sure make a good puddin'!" said Mammy. Then as she lifted it to the table and took off the top she found several small packages in the bottom. What were they? Well, one made Mammy smile, as she thought of the rent; and this is certain, Harriet came to school the next day with some wonderful red hair ribbons in place of the old shoe-strings; and Joe wore a pair of warm gloves when he carried his morning papers.

But the Jack-o-lantern was only a part of the procession; in a minute Mammy came back to the door to see what the rest might be. She found the oddest looking pig that could be dreamed of; when the paper that made his body, and the pasteboard and sticks that made his face and legs were torn away, the foundation proved to be a strip of bacon that would give the Fields many a good breakfast. (See Fig. 1.) Behind the pig, stood a Chinese gentleman. He was cut from cardboard,

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

(See Fig. 2) colored with crayon, his body was a bag of tea, enough to last Mammy for weeks.

Next came Market Basket Mary (See Fig. 3); a big cabbage was tied to the handle of a market-basket for her head, her mouth was carved; she had a date nose, and eyes made of white paper pinned in place with black-headed pins; a warm shawl was draped around her shoulders, and hid the body, which was made of the basket, and that was filled with more good things than I can tell you about.

Last of all, was a funny little figure with a very large head, and a small cap. (See Fig. 4.) It was a bag of candy, the frill at the top forming the cap. Stiff cardboard made the arms and the legs which were sticking out straight in front; gumdrops made the eyes, a stick of striped candy sewed to the bag made the mouth, and a candy heart made the nose. Little Sam liked this one the best of all!

"Where'd they come from, Mammy?" queried Harriet. "Did the gobble-uns bring 'em?"

"Maybe so," said Mammy. But as she heard the sound of suppressed giggling behind the woodpile, she added under her breath, "Bless their hearts! Those young'uns are always helpin' some one!"

When Harriet and Sadie met the next morning each had a wonderful story to relate. They tried to tell Ned about it.

"Really now, don't you think you were just dreaming?" he teased.

But Harriet and Sadie, while agreeing that their new ribbons were "dreams," yet knew they were real too, and so were the good things that were stowed away on the pantry shelves, awaiting the need of hungry little mouths. Harriet and Sadie say that there must be *two* kinds of "gobble-uns," and that the good kind came to them.

BOBBY AND BETTY MAKE A "CANDY DANDY"

Bobby reached up and took down the red apple bank from the shelf, and Betty shook it till the last penny rolled out.

Then they both counted the pennies.

"—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen!" said Bobby. "Oh, cousin Harry, will fifteen cents buy six bags of candy?"

"No, indeed!" said Harry. "At least not six bags of candy that is fit to eat."

Bobby and Betty looked gravely at each other.

"We'll ask mother," said Betty.

Why must you have *six* bags of candy?" asked mother.

"Because Miss Allen told us Sunday there were six little children, *very* little children, mother," said Bobby gravely, "in her mission class, who will not have any Christmas, unless Betty and I help."

"I understand," said mother. "Let me put on my thinking cap!" So she sat down in her low chair before the fire, while Bobby and Betty stood on each side, as still as mice.

Pretty soon mother looked up.

"I have it!" she cried. "Put on your coats and hats and run down to the drug store on the corner. Get a five-cent package of the large sticks of candy, and a ten-cent jar of the small sticks, and we'll make—well, you will see what we will make!" she said.

How Bobby and Betty did hurry! They were soon back with the candy. Mother had put on the table some plain cards, some bits of bright red ribbon, needles and coarse thread, pens and ink, and a small dish of melted chocolate.

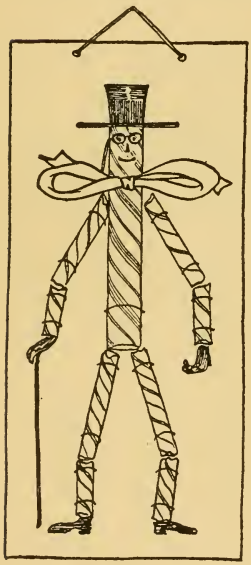
Bobby and Betty watched her closely as she began work. She tied one of the large sticks of candy to the center of a card with a bit of red ribbon. The other end of the stick she fastened with the coarse thread. Two smaller sticks of candy,

broken at the middle, were sewed to the card at the lower end of the big one, and two more at the upper end. (See picture, for position of arms and legs.)

Then with the melted chocolate, mother marked the face.

"Oh, oh!" cried Betty, as mother added shoes and gloves with ink, "it's a man, a candy man!"

"No," corrected Bobby, in high glee, as mother drew the high hat and gloves, "it's a dandy, a candy dandy!"



"Isn't he the sweetest dandy!" crowed Betty.

"Course!" laughed Bobby. "He's a *candy dandy!*"

"And a very *pure* candy dandy," smiled mother, "who will not make any one sick. We will give him a cane and eyeglasses too. Now let us put a ribbon at the top of the card to hang it by."

"Candy dandies are ever so much more fun than just bags of candy," said Bobby, as he fell to work.

"More fun to make and more fun to get, and just think!" said Betty, "there will be enough for all the six children, too, from the red apple bank!"

WEAVING AN INDIAN BASKET

Have you ever examined a beautiful Indian basket, so firm and strong and smooth, and wished you, too, could make one? You can hardly hope to do as well as the Indian weaver, and you cannot use the material which she gathers so carefully, but with a little practise and a good deal of patience, you can soon learn to make a strong and beautiful basket, much like the Indian baskets, and quite as useful.

Instead of the fibers which the Indian weaver uses, you will secure some raffia from a florist, or from a department store.

You can get enough for a small basket for ten cents. It is much cheaper by the pound, and a pound will last a long time. If you find it is dusty and dirty when you get it, wash it in luke-warm water and hang it up to dry. When dry it is ready to use.

The only other things you will need are a pair of scissors, and a large darning-needle. Some people like a needle with a blunt point, but I prefer the sharp-pointed ones, with large eyes.

If you look closely at a single strand of raffia, you will almost always find at one end a little stiff brown bit. This indicates that it is the stem end, and this end should always be placed in the eye of the needle. The stiffest part, an inch or so, may first be cut off. Select a broad, even piece of raffia, and thread your needle with it.

Next, select from seven to fifteen strands of raffia, so that you have a bunch, or coil, as we call it, about as big around as a small lead-pencil. Arrange the ends not quite even, and hold this coil firmly, close to the end, in your left hand. Place the end of the threaded raffia which is farthest from the needle in your coil under the thumb of your left hand, and begin to wrap the coil closely with this thread, letting your needle hang loose all the time. Wrap firmly and closely, allowing each

wrap to just touch the last one. When you have wrapped about three-quarters of an inch, double the wrapped part back on the coil, turning it around toward you; go on wrapping, catching in the end of the wrapped part with your thread as shown in the illustration. When you have wrapped about a half inch, all the time trying to shape the little center into a perfect round, take up your needle and set a stitch from the *back* through the center, *toward* you, drawing it as tightly as you can. Wrap again, this time only three times, then another stitch and so on. When you start the third round, you do not set your stitch into the center, but under the second row, and after this the stitch always goes under the last row. Continue in this way till your base is the desired size. Six inches is a good size for the first basket.

Now to begin the sides. This is not nearly so difficult as you may think. Up to this time, you have been careful to keep your base flat by holding your coil loosely so that it would lie smoothly outside the last coil. Now you will hold the coil much more tightly, and instead of placing it *outside* the last coil, you place it on *top* of the last coil, and try hard to build the sides up straight. The tendency is always for the sides to slant in.

You should take pains, when you turn the basket up, to hold the outside of the bottom toward you, so that the sides are being built up *away* from you. This makes it easier to handle and control.

When you have made the basket as high as you wish, you will bind it off. To do this cut off the coil, not squarely, but in a slanting direction, until it is pointed, like a tail. Then take one stitch after another, closely binding the tail to the coil below it, and finally run your needle back into the coil for an inch, draw out the thread, and cut it off close.

When you have made one or two plain baskets, you will

wish to begin designing them. You will find many helps in any book on basketry. The colored raffia may be had wherever you buy the natural, and when you wish to put in the color, you simply use a colored thread on your needle instead of a natural one. Simple lines are the easiest to start with; then you may try triangles, squares, etc. It is often easier not to change needles each time you wish a different color, but have a needle for each color, and carry the colored thread you are not using along in your coil till it is needed; then drop the natural into the coil, and take up the colored one.

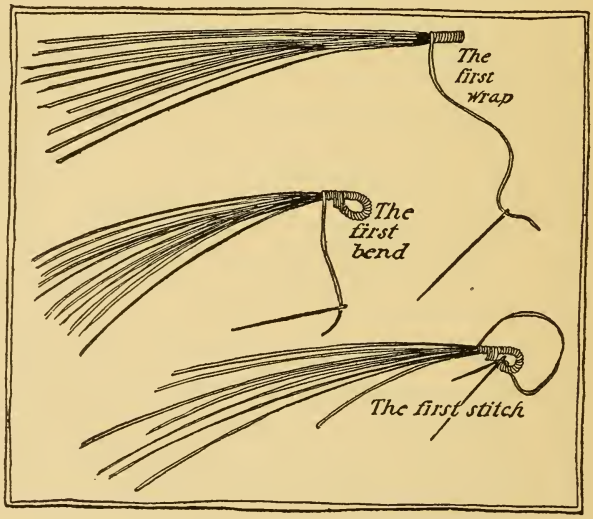
This stitch is sometimes called the lazy squaw stitch, for it is said that only lazy squaws wrapped the coil between stitches. Others call it the bridge stitch because the stitches bridge the coils. The rice stitch is slightly different and very pretty. Make one wrap between each two stitches, and then, in making the succeeding row, pass the needle over this wrap.

A very dainty variation of the lazy squaw stitch is called the knot stitch, and is pretty for jewel and other fancy baskets. Start the coil as in the first basket, wrapping firmly but taking the stitch rather loosely. It is well to use a large piece of raffia in the needle. Take the stitch exactly as in the lazy squaw stitch, but before beginning the next wrap bring your thread up between the coils close to the left of the stitch, cross the stitch with the thread and pass your needle down on the right of the stitch, to the back of the work, and again bring it up to the front between the coils, thus crossing the stitch on the back. This gives the appearance of a knot at each stitch. The stitches, if taken with large enough raffia, will slightly separate the coils, so that it is sometimes called the lace stitch, from the open appearance of the work. It is very pretty to use as a band for decoration in the center of a basket. Or you may make a pretty jewel or collar basket by using the lazy squaw

for the base and the lace for the sides, and lining it with some bright silk.

Another very strong stitch, which closely imitates the baskets made by the Navajo Indians is called the figure eight stitch. It makes an exceedingly firm and durable basket, but it requires more time and patience. I am sure, however, you will like a basket made in this stitch so much that I am going to tell you how to make it.

The coil is started just as in the first simple basket. In beginning the weaving stitches, the thread is first passed to the back of the coil, carrying it *under* the coil; it is then brought up *over* the coil to the *front* and again carried under the coil to the back, the stitch being set from the back of the work through to the front. This is repeated again and again, there being no winding or wrapping between stitches. If you use a rather small coil, and wrap firmly, you can make a basket so firm and tight that it will not bend. Such a basket is very beautiful and will last for years.



BOBBY'S AND BETTY'S SANTA CLAUS

Bobby was just home from the hospital where he had spent two weeks having a sick throat made well. It was very nice to be home once more, and very comforting to sit in front of the dear fireplace, for Christmas was quite near, and Bobby was sure Santa Claus would find his way down their chimney. Someway he did not feel so sure that Santa Claus would come to the hospital, for he saw no chimney, and he felt rather uneasy about the boys and girls he had left behind him in the little white beds when he came away. Just suppose they had no Christmas at all!

"Mother, can't I send them something, so that if Santa Claus doesn't come, they will still have a little Christmas?" he coaxed.

"Oh, Bobby," cried Betty, "let me help, and we will make the Santa Miss Crawford showed us how to make in school to-day," and Betty ran to get the cunning paper Santa Claus she had brought home from the kindergarten.

"Couldn't we put a real pack on his back?" asked Bobby.

"I am sure we can," said mother, as she brought the paper for the children.

First Bobby cut a piece of red paper just like the Pattern A, for Santa's body. Then Betty, with a bit of white chalk, marked the fur on the coat, just touching it with black ink to look like ermine, and put on a black belt. Then she pasted the tiny bit of pinkish paper, cut like B, for the face, marking the eyes with ink.

Then Bobby made two arms like Pattern C, and Betty painted the mittens black. While Bobby cut two legs like Pattern D from red paper, Betty made the boots black, and with the chalk marked white fur at the top.

Next holding the arms and legs in position, they pushed

brass paper fasteners, such as father used in the office, through *x, x,* and *y, y,* and found they could make Santa, walk, run or sit as they chose.

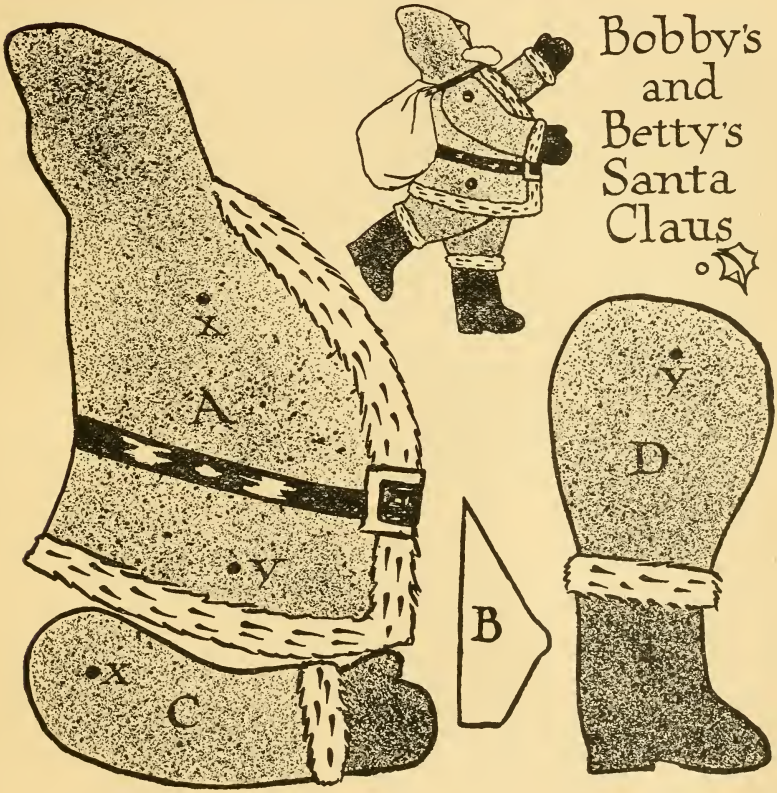
Mother then brought them a box of small candies.

"These are very pure, and will not hurt even a sick child," she said.

Bobby and Betty put six candies in the middle of a small square of tissue paper, twisted the corners of the paper together, and pasted a strip of black paper to the pack and put it over Santa's shoulders to look like a strap.

They made a Santa for each child in the hospital, packed them carefully in a box and sent them to the superintendent, asking that a Santa Claus should be put on each child's bed, where he would see it, when he first wakened on Christmas morning.

But you must not ask me to tell you how much the hospital children loved the Santas, nor what they said to Bobby and Betty when they next went to visit the hospital. I haven't room for that, and if you really wish to know, you may make some for your own city hospital and then you will find out for yourself.

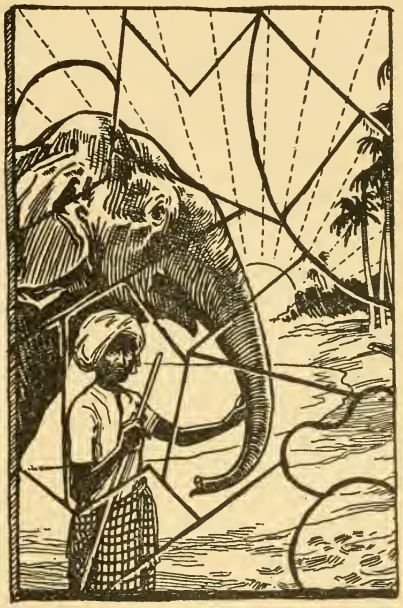

Bobby's
and
Betty's
Santa
Claus
X
A
Y
X
C
B
Y
D

CHRISTMAS PLANS

First, collect the most interesting picture postals you can find. Those that have been mailed will do nicely, if there is no writing on the picture side. Then find some pieces of thin wood, like the cover of a grape basket, or the smooth bottom of a cigar box. You can buy for twenty-five cents, a coping saw with a dozen blades, or if you already have a scroll or jig saw you can use that nicely. You will also need some good glue, a small half-round wood file, both medium and fine sandpaper, white or colored tape or narrow ribbon, and some heavy paper or cardboard. A sharp knife, too, will be convenient.

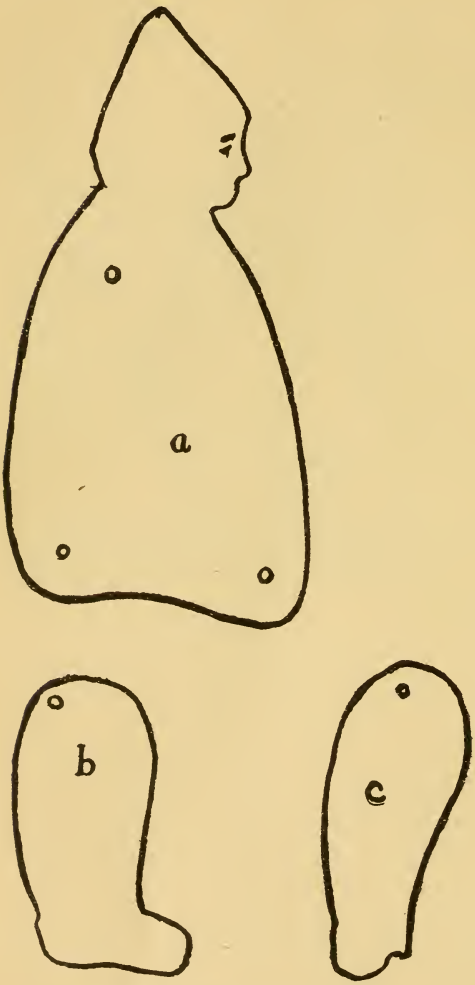
To begin your work, cut a thin board exactly the size of one of your cards and make the edges of the wood smooth and true with knife, file, and sandpaper. Glue the card to the board, being sure that every part adheres closely, and dry without heat under a heavy weight. Then with a pencil, lightly mark the surface of the card into sections, such as you find in the familar picture puzzle, and with the saw carefully cut on these lines. If you have chosen a pretty card, you will find that you now have an attractive puzzle, which placed in a gay box with Christmas seals, will make a very acceptable gift. You will find the making of these puzzles such fun that you probably will wish to make several.

Another gift requires four or five cards and two pieces of tape or ribbon long enough to reach across the cards and tie at the top for a hanger. Glue the tapes three-quarters of an inch from the ends of each card on the back, keeping the cards



one-half inch apart, and then glue another card to the back of each card, placing the address sides together; dry under a weight; tie the tapes at the top, fold the cards one on top of another, and enclose in a pretty envelope which you can make from holly paper.

You will find much fun in making jointed men and animals from the thin wood with your saw. Suppose you try an Eskimo. Enlarge the drawings *a, b, c,* to any size you wish, and trace carefully on the wood, making sure that you lay the drawing with the grain of the wood, as far as possible, so that the pieces will not break when used. When all the pieces are cut, smooth the edges with file and sandpaper; color them, if you wish, with water-color or crayon, and give each piece a thin coat of shellac. With a fine awl pierce a small hole at each circle, and join the pieces by inserting a small wire, the ends of which should be bent with pliers to form a loop to prevent its coming out. A Teddy bear, and in fact, all sorts of animals and people can be made in the same way. If you cannot draw the forms, you will find it very easy to trace them from the pictures in the alphabet books of your small brothers and sisters. The toys may be easily made from heavy paper or cardboard, if you prefer it to the wood. The paper toys should not be shellaced, and should be held together with brass paper fasteners. They are particularly nice for children's hospitals, as they are so light that they are easy to hold.



Jointed Eskimo Man

MORE CHRISTMAS PLANS

As a first step in Christmas plans it is always wise to write to the secretary of your own mission board (your minister will give you the address), asking for the name of a school, the number of pupils, their ages, and their special needs. Then you will know just what to send. But, while you are waiting for an answer, you may begin to make some things that are sure to be needed in every school at Christmas time.

First of all, the candy bags. For who can imagine a Christmas without candy? You may make the bags from tarlatan, a thin white material, though it is better to use cape-net, which is a strong, coarse, white net that costs but a few cents a yard. The bags should be nearly square when finished, and be sure each one is large enough to hold a half-pound of candy. Fold the edges over twice, and overcast with holly red or holly green worsted; fasten a little bell to each lower corner, and run a double-worsted thread around the hem at the top, to draw up the bag and form a little frill as a finish.

A pretty variation of this square bag is made of the same material, but cut in the form of a stocking for the girls and a mitten for the boys.

Of course, these net bags are of little use after the candy has been removed. If you care to make better bags, use silkaline or art ticking, and for the runner get tape or ribbon. The candy should be put in a paper bag before it is enclosed in these cloth bags, which afterward will serve as work bags or button bags, while boys may use them for marbles.

It is not best to fill the bags with the candy yourself. Rather, send the money, ten cents for each bag. Your father, your minister, or your teacher will tell you the best way to send it.

There are many things that will be very fine presents for our home mission boys and girls which you cannot make

Among these are balls, marbles, knives, neckties, and suspenders for boys; aprons, stockings, belts and ribbons for girls; and handkerchiefs and gloves for both boys and girls. Perhaps you can buy some of these, and wrap them to look as fine and gay as possible, and tie a card to each one, ready for the name of the recipient to be put on it by the teacher. If you also fasten to the package a slip of paper on which you describe the contents, you will help greatly. "Gloves for a boy, size six," will save the opening of the package you have so carefully tied.

Of course, every girl knows that a doll is the best gift for another girl, and so you will dress as many of these as you can. Let the clothes be plain, but very, very neat, and made to "come off and on" with buttons and buttonholes if possible.

A doll that will be very pleasing to a tiny child is made from an old stocking; use a black stocking if you wish a "mammy" doll, or a white or pink one if you wish a white doll. Cut the stocking in the shape of figure A. If your stocking is a small one, the part of the pattern between *x, x,* may be laid on the folds of the stocking and save a little sewing. After cutting, sew very strongly around the whole outline, except between *m, m;* turn the form inside out, to hide the seam, stuff with cotton, and then sew up the opening, *m, m.* Make the arms from two pieces of stocking, stuff and sew in place. With a few stitches, mark the eyes, nose, and mouth, and from a round piece of muslin or gingham, make a cap and fasten on the head. Cut the dress from some gay material, like Pattern B; make it very full, gathering the neck, sleeves, and legs with a strong thread and sewing it in place on the doll. You will now have a funny, cunning dolly that will delight a baby and that can be squeezed and dropped without any danger of harm.

The younger boys and girls will wish some part in this work, and they will find it very pleasant work to fill some

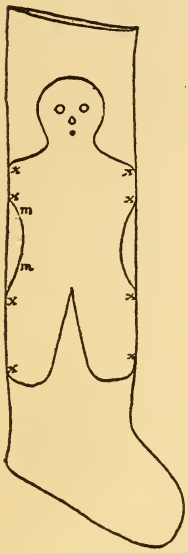


FIGURE A

FIGURE B

FIG 3

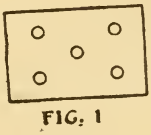


FIG. 1

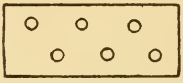
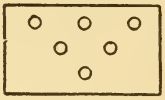


FIG. 2



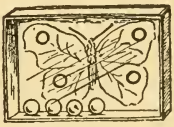


FIG. 4

strong envelopes with mixed beads. Buy the beads by the box, and put quite a quantity in each envelope, with a needle and a strong thread, on which you have strung a few beads, just enough to show the pattern. Seal the envelope tightly, and mark it "Beads with needle and thread for stringing."

Boys always like to get puzzles and it is almost as much fun to make them as it is to solve them. The picture puzzles are easily cut; for directions, see page 104. Another puzzle, sometimes called the "Magic Square," can be made by almost any boy, with few tools. Find or make a square box about ¾ of an inch deep. From a half-inch board just large enough to fit into the box, cut 16 squares; throw one of these away and

smooth the others with knife and sandpaper, beveling the upper edges of each.

Print a number on each square, beginning with 1 and ending with 15. The cutting and smoothing of the squares will make them just the size to fit easily in the box, and the puzzle consists of putting them in in any order and then in seeing how quickly one can arrange them in proper order, using the vacant space to move in. A puzzle much like this, but requiring more time to make as well as to solve, would have 35 squares of wood, with the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the nine numerals marked on them.

A "patience" game is made with a shallow box, a cardboard, glass, and shot or seeds. A box with a sliding cover is needed for this, such as jewelers and opticians use for mailing purposes. Sandpaper and stain the box nicely first, and if you wish, a pyrography needle may be used in decorating it. Next cut a thick cardboard to exactly fit the bottom of the box. Before placing this in position, cut holes in it in such places as you may decide. Fig. 1 shows one arrangement; Fig. 2, two others. The size of the hole depends upon the fillers you intend to use; if you are going to select small marbles, the holes should be just large enough to catch and hold them; if you use bullets or shot, the holes will need to be smaller; if you select small round seeds, you will need still smaller holes. The holes may be cut with a very sharp knife, a gouge, or a carving tool, or you may have a paper punch which will be just the thing for this. Only be sure that they are cut with clean sharp sides. If you use marbles, the cardboard needs to be much thicker than if your balls are small. You may even need to use two thick pieces. After the holes are all cut, glue the cardboard to the bottom of the box, and place in it as many fillers (marbles, bullets, shot, or seeds) as you have holes. The game con-

sists of rolling the balls into their places by gently tipping the box till all the holes are filled.

If you can do no better, the wooden cover may be used, and removed when you wish to play the game, but a glass cover that will not come off is much better. If you own a plate camera, you probably have many useless negatives. The gelatin may be removed from these glasses by soaking for some time in warm water; this softens it so that it will easily peel off. If the glass is not the right size for the box, a glazier will cut it the size you wish for a few cents. Then slide your glass into the groove in the box that was meant for the cover, and bind the upper edge of the box with a piece of passe-partout binding. This will hold the glass in place and give a good finish to a game that any boy may be pleased to make or own.

By exercising a little ingenuity you may devise several variations of this game. For example, find or draw a picture of a man carrying toy balloons, and cut out the balloons for the holes. Or paste on the bottom of your box the picture of a daisy, or a brown-eyed Susan, or an ear of corn, or a butterfly; then cut out the holes in the center of the flowers, or the seeds from the pea or corn, the spots from the butterfly, and use shot or seeds of the proper size for fillers. (See Figs. 3, 4.) If you wish to use different sizes of fillers in the same game, you may do so; this makes the game a little more difficult, as you will find the larger fillers are likely to push the smaller ones out after you have the latter in place.

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